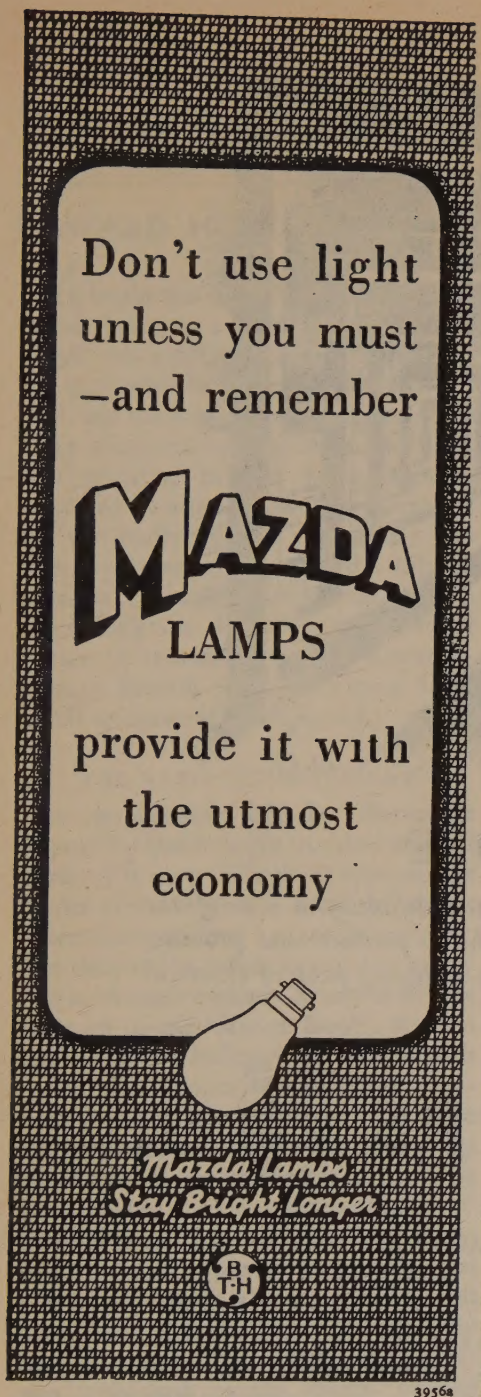

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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS
EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

THE LUCES

Henry Luce, potentate of *Time*, and lord of *Life*, with glamorous consort, née Boothe, just elected to Congress. The British have given up the old Imperialism. The world is not going to stand for American Imperialism from the Luces!

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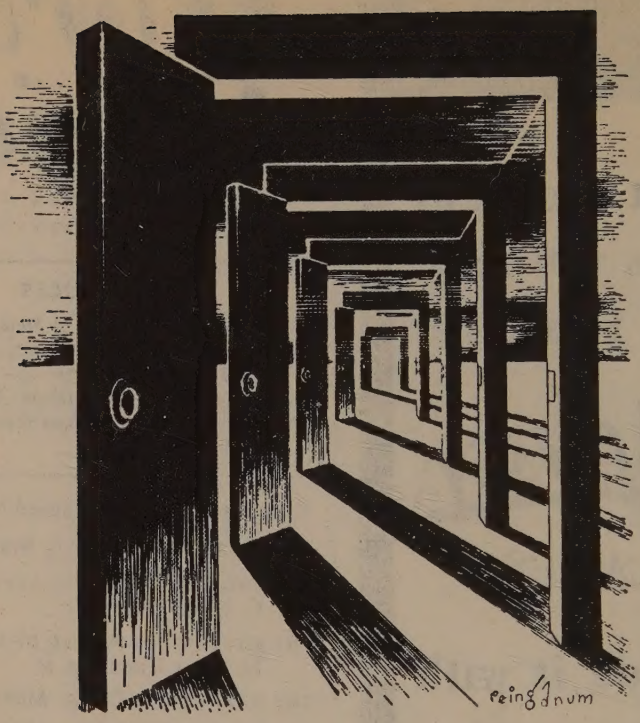

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

We begin this New Year in a brighter mood. Last year's German campaign in Russia was a definite failure. Moreover, the impossible happened: Stalingrad was held, and the Russians were able to make a big advance from the Stalingrad area. The position in the Mediterranean, described by some picturesque journalists as 'the underbelly of the Axis', was radically transformed, and the biggest Armada in history landed its soldiers successfully on the northern coasts of Africa. (It is curious how the sixteenth-century Spanish word for a naval force is still so universally employed.)

THE NATIONAL BEVERIDGE

The publication of the Beveridge Report has also brought us a deal of good cheer. It is very difficult to appraise the merits of the Report in detail, because it is necessarily so long and so complicated. The duty of the public is to get it, at any rate in its main outlines, from the Report stage on to the 'Statute Book'. It must not be allowed to linger on the shelf with the Uthwatt Report on land compensation, and the Scott Report on the use of rural land, and I know not how many other reports, recent and less recent. One is tempted to think that we might already be quite near the earthly paradise if the many excellent recommendations of Royal and other Commissions which litter our public pigeon-holes had only become law. Not very long ago a book was published giving details of the recommendations of such inquiries over recent years. The details are extremely interesting, but the tragic point is that so little of all this is ever put into practice. I was also reminded the other day by Mr. Hugh Molson, the progressive young Conservative M.P. for the High Peak Division of Derbyshire, that Sir Stafford Northcote and other Tory Ministers recommended the nationalisation of insurance during the seventies of last century! One of the principal activities of an awakening democracy must be to study the excellent research work which has already been done, and to see that the best of it is put into practice. The second duty for the people at the present moment is to try to grasp the main significance of the Beveridge Report. I see that Mr. Shinwell says that the Report is all right but that it does not go far enough. The main point about it, however, is that it does not attempt to kill all of the 'wicked giants' referred to by Sir William, but only deals with the subject on the front cover, to wit, social insurance.

The arguments which are being advanced against it are so far not very able. There is the fear expressed that so expensive a system of social insurance will ruin our export trade. I.L.O. figures, however, reveal that many foreign cash benefits are still higher than a good many of those now recommended. Again, international trade after the war will have to be conducted in agreement with all other countries. Those with the lowest standard of living are the very ones which will want plant from us on Lease-Lend terms, and this should give us bargaining power. Further, if there is going to be a tussle with other lands, the

healthier our workers are the better! I am not able to understand the main line of criticism which is developing as I write. This is that the recommendations would further destroy our noble British initiative. The point seems to have been missed that the benefits are purely for what we may generally term 'accidents', whether these be ill-health, old age, or unemployment. Further, they are strictly on condition of substantial contributions made by the workers during employment. Again, after a short period of unemployment the worker will be compelled to undergo training. The Report has got nothing to do with people who won't work, or fail to make their contributions. These will presumably still be dealt with under the Poor Law. However, it is satisfactory to notice that a revolutionary aspect of the Report is that for the general body of the population the Poor Law will now be abolished. This system takes us back to Queen Elizabeth, who had to get some sort of machinery going after the suppression of the monasteries, who had been in the habit of giving largesse to distressed persons at the monastery gates, but on an extremely unscientific basis, not worrying themselves with the fact that they were often helping the most worthless people, who were known at the time as 'sturdy beggars'.

NOT A NEW BURDEN

It is extremely encouraging that in a leading article our progressive *Times* pointed out that the Report would not really add a new burden to the national income: it would merely mean a great redistribution of existing income. An economist pointed out to me that the new benefits would in many ways really have to be paid for by the workers themselves. A little thought should have suggested that this is inevitable. Social reforms do not only mean that the rich will have to reduce their surpluses but that the purchasing power of the workers is directed into more useful channels. Sir William is not so much handing out new money as holding out a collecting box so that the poor man's pennies do not get frittered away in useless purchases. Again, by means of national compulsion, and his admirable new unified administrative machinery, he is able to produce infinitely greater benefits than could be had if the worker merely saved for himself, and kept the money, as the majority of French workers still do, in an old stocking.

'GROSS DISTORTION'

On 19 November Mr. Tom Driberg (Independent, Maldon) referred in the Commons' House to the interview with Sir William in the *Daily Telegraph* in which he was purported to have said that the Report would take us half way to Moscow, a statement which he denied making. Continued Driberg, 'The interview in the *Daily Telegraph* was as gross a distortion of what actually took place as to be almost a complete fake, and as dishonest a piece of yellow journalism as has ever been perpetrated, even by that other enemy of the British people, William Randolph Hearst. It is extremely distasteful to me as a journalist to make this grave allegation against a fellow-member of my profession, and, I presume, of my own Union. I am also aware that the gravamen of the charge must probably be laid, not on the individual reporter, but on the editorial, or proprietorial, direction which advised this stratagem to entrap Sir William Beveridge.'

Actually, Sir William is not only a great thinker but rather a skilful politician. His

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Born 1863. Proprietor of Chicago Herald and Examiner, Boston American, New York Journal-American, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, Detroit Times, Good Housekeeping *and* Harper's Bazaar. *Also British* Connoisseur, Good Housekeeping *and* Nash's Magazine

VISCOUNT CAMROSE

Born 1879
Editor-proprietor of the Daily Telegraph
and
Chairman of The Amalgamated Press

explanations at Lord Nathan's luncheon, and at other times, have gone down very well. I notice also that he has not failed to remind Mr. Churchill that he was one of the authors of unemployment insurance.

L'AFFAIRE DARLAN

WE were not ready for war. It rather looks now as if we are not ready for victory! Whatever we may think of the Darlan situation, this much can be said: that with our very first victory, with its very first attempt, our precious political warfare machine has been smashed to atoms, thus fulfilling the most gloomy prophecies of such persons as myself. What course we are going to take when German leaders come over to our side the Lord alone knows!

I was chatting the other day to a distinguished and delightful retired diplomatist. He quenched my protestations with the remark, 'My dear young man, you cannot conduct war and diplomacy with moral principles. If Monsieur Quisling of Norway came over to our side, I would treat him just as Darlan has been treated.' I need not repeat that we of the young generation believe that, to put it at its lowest, moral principles or beliefs exert one of the great forces of history. This is the sort of diplomacy which has got us to our present pass! In some ways I was encouraged, after further sober reflection. Because I thought, 'just a little more plain honest dealing with other nations—just a little more loyalty to friends, and we may achieve much. It is not necessary to become angels.'

The audience at the Inter-allied Friendships Dinner held the other day was much impressed by the obvious sincerity of Mr. Duff Cooper, who declared that it might well be that statesmen and peoples have to suffer for the evil deeds of previous statesmen. One or two of those present seemed to imagine that this was a novel principle of metaphysics.

Yet I confess it struck me as plumb obvious! Mr. Duff Cooper was referring to the partition of Poland at the end of the eighteenth century. It is fairly easy to understand that the murder, and cannibal consumption, of one of the members of the European Trade Union, while other members stood idly by, was calculated to create an atmosphere of general insecurity, from which we may still be suffering. I can recall a later murder and cannibal exhibition which took place in 1935. Admittedly, our fellow Trade Unionist on this occasion was only a little chap, perhaps not very well brought up, and without a perfectly white complexion, and he was quietly done to death in a corner. Yet there are still those who openly say that we should have appeased Italy, by consenting to her unlawful, unprovoked and lustful attack upon Abyssinia. While these people survive, and some of them are quite delightful ladies and gentlemen, there is no hope for the world. I am sometimes really depressed when I realise that the world seems to be divided between heartless cynics of this type and super-seraphim, who don't want us even to kiss a girl in the blackout, or imbibe half a bottle of beer! A little common humanity and understanding of the miserable lot of the working population, and a small amount of the most elementary good faith with other countries, and the world would long since have become quite a pleasant place.

FRENCHMEN

AFTER dwelling on thoughts of despicable Collaborationists, to say nothing of shady Admirals, it was pleasant to enjoy for an evening the hospitality of Monsieur André Labarthe, who has supported the just cause all through the darkest days. For an English monthly to achieve the circulation of 28,500 is a considerable feat in these times; for a monthly published in French to reach these figures is nothing but a sure example of French literary genius. Monsieur Labarthe has won a considerable and permanent victory for France.

Another man worthy of the name of Frenchman is Professor Denis Saurat, the head of the French Institute in London. Amidst the worst perils he has never doubted. And he has had to withstand jealousies, and annoyances, from all directions, even from some of the enthusiasts at Carlton House Terrace. He has at last succeeded in founding a European Cultural Union. He has gathered together eminent scholars from all the countries and regions of Western Europe. These men believe that, on the one hand, culture should be very diverse, and should be based on such regional areas as Brittany, Provence, Catalonia, or Euzkadi (that is, the land of the Basques); yet, on the other hand, Western European culture has always been, and should remain, a unity. They believe also that, whereas culture can be diversified, modern conditions make imperative the development of great units, such as Western Europe, for the purposes of defence, foreign relations, economics, and general philosophical and political propaganda.

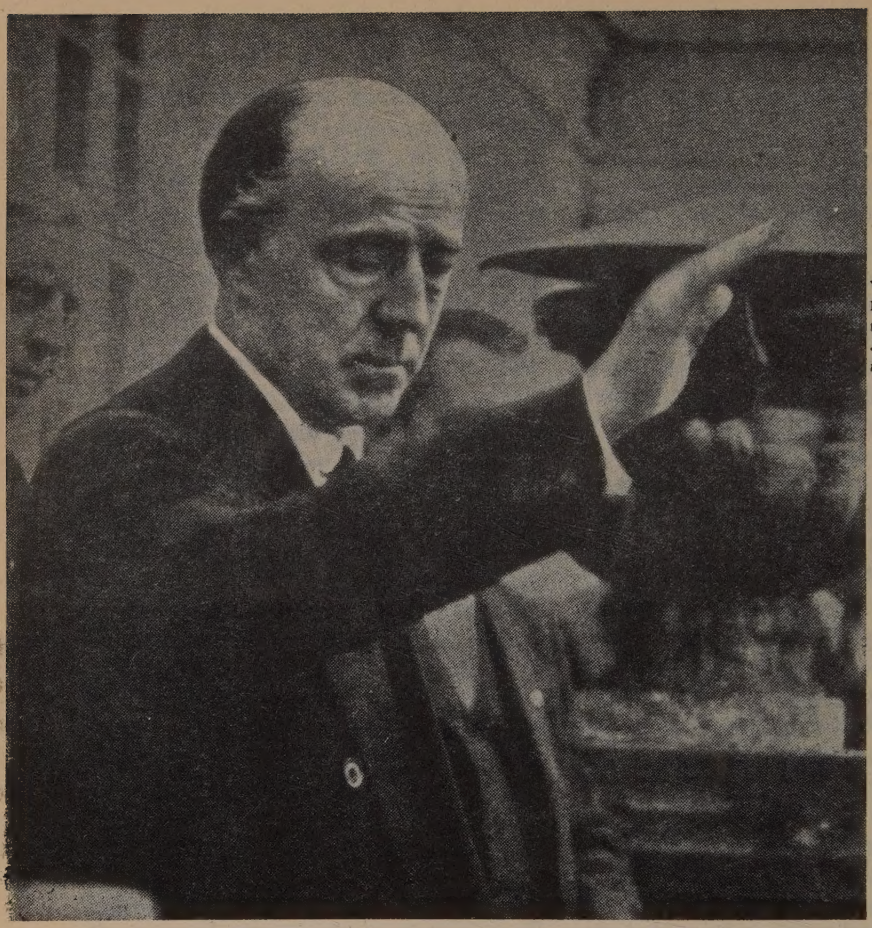
SAMARITAN OUTMODED

ABOUT 1890 a Spanish University professor was removed from his Chair by the Government. English public opinion was outraged; and a considerable movement was set on foot to try to set things right. From this pinnacle we descend to a lady reader of the *Daily Mirror!* Referring to broadcasts depicting Nazi brutality, this tender flower writes, 'I am nearly frightened out of my wits

by these horrible stories!' Mr. Bernard Buckham comments: 'Personally I hate the whole thing. Surely no one at this time of day needs to be propagated into a realisation of what Nazidom means. The B.B.C. might now concentrate on keeping us cheerful, which is no bad aim in wartime.' 'Is it my fancy', this genius continues 'or are the present batch of crooners particularly bad?' I will leave Mr. Bernard Buckham without further comment; but I do know that large numbers of the public have no realisation whatsoever of what Nazi rule would be like here. Further, that our propaganda has not yet scored a first-class success with Mr. Buckham's lady correspondent. One would have hoped that if she is really impressed, as she says, by the truth of these horrors, she would be moved to improve her war effort, rather than hysterically hiding her head under the bedclothes. It is horrible to realise that fifty years ago English men and women could be profoundly upset by the arbitrary removal of a single Liberal Iberian professor, whereas today so many of them, when they are informed of disgusting outrages, either do not believe it, or do not listen, or beg to be told about something pretty. Actually, the Polish Government has just handed a new Note to the Allied governments in London on the subject of the Nazi threat to exterminate the Jews. The Nazis have already murdered several hundreds of thousands of them, and have deported many millions of Poles into Germany as slaves. The passage about the Spanish professor which struck me so forcibly is contained in Salvador de Madariaga's great new book entitled simply *Spain*. I have found it so fascinating that I have lost a lot of midnight sleep reading it in bed. This book, which is full of the most extraordinary details, from mineralogy to Trade Unions, and from clericalism to the army, and the character of the late Alfonso XIII, is redolent of the personality of a great Spaniard. Incidentally, before these remarks are published, I hope that General Franco will not have joined Admiral Darlan on our visiting list.

NATIVE POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA

LORD HARLECH, the British High Commissioner, revealed that Basutoland had provided more than 17,000 men for the Middle East Forces. 'After victory', he said, 'all peoples must have a fuller say in the administration of their own affairs.' Mantsabo Mantsebo, the Paramount Chief of Basutoland, called on his people to join the army 'so that we can say that in all the empire no peoples have done better than the Basutos'. As things are looking now, the people who are going to have a fuller say in Basutoland are the Dutch of the Union of South Africa, whom the Basutos, rightly or wrongly, cordially detest. The South Africans are too small to defend themselves against great nations without our help; but they are big enough to interfere with small African peoples. For a long time they have been trying to get control of the so-called 'High Commission Territories'—Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland, which are administered by the United Kingdom. These coloured peoples placed themselves under the protection of the United Kingdom, and a short time ago sent a deputation to London to explain that they did not wish to join the Union of South Africa. This is not altogether surprising, because Union native policy is not 'modern', and compares extremely ill with that of Whitehall. Nevertheless during the last few years the London government has gradually weakened in its attitude about



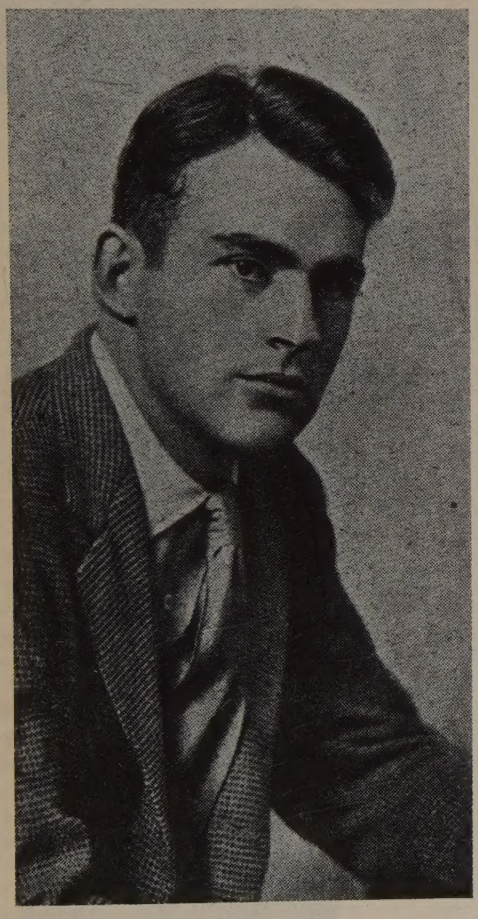
VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN *wishing peace to the Sudeten Germans in 1938*

the territories; and probably few people in England care a damn, in spite of our commitments to the natives. Almost their sole champion has been Mr. Kingsley Martin in the *New Statesman*.

INDEPENDENCE FOR NORTH AFRICA?

THE Arab News Agency, an offshoot of Britanova News Agency, has recently achieved considerable success. Its head office is in Cairo. A new feature is the employment of Arab journalists. Formerly these journalists were not too well treated by the British authorities in the Middle East. Today the Agency not only distributes news in the Middle East but provides outgoing services from that part of the world, including incidentally a twice-weekly cabled news service to *El Riff*, the Arabic newspaper in Tetuan, the Spanish 'Presidio' in Morocco. Many people do not realise that there are quite important Arab and Moslem communities in London and New York, and even in Rio de Janeiro. The Arab world is certainly becoming interested in the future status and fate of North Africa. An interesting argument appeared in the *New York Times*, which quoted international lawyers as advancing the view that if the Allies had rejected Darlan's offer to collaborate it would have been necessary after the war to submit the question of the permanent government of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia to the populations of those countries, according

to the Atlantic Charter. Only 7 per cent of the population of these three countries is French. It thus might have been impossible for Britain and the United States to have restored these territories to France at the Peace Table. It is an interesting point that the United States has never officially recognised the French semi-protectorate in Morocco or the agreement of 1912, and has always continued to recognise Morocco as an independent empire, maintaining a diplomatic representative to the Court of His Sheriffian Majesty. Actually, the open door for trade has always been maintained in Morocco, as opposed to Algeria and Tunisia, where there were French tariffs.



LESLIE RUNCIMAN

Born 1900. Son of Viscount Runciman. Much criticised as Director-General of British Overseas Airways Corporation

BRITISH AND DUTCH INDIES

THE future of so-called 'backward areas' is going to be a very difficult and complicated question after the war. Two very interesting articles, touching the question, appear in the excellent American quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*, for October 1942. One is by Mr. S. R. Chow, of Peking University, who discusses the Pacific. He states, on the one hand, 'it would be premature, and even dangerous, to leave the native peoples to themselves immediately after the war in a region where international relations, as well as racial problems, are so complicated. To do this might create chaos instead of order.' Yet, on the other hand, like most Chinese, he has no doubts about the capacity of India for self-government, and speaks of the Indians as if they were a single, united people. Incidentally, he speaks of our promise of Dominion status. What we have actually promised is complete independence for India after the war.

Mr. E. N. van Kleffens, the Dutch Foreign Minister, does not want us to imagine for a moment that the peoples of the Netherlands Indies are one people. He points out that they differ in language, political institutions, social structure, and modes of life, at least as widely as do Americans, Britons, Norwegians, Swedes and Hollanders, They possess sixty languages. Malay, the so-called *lingua franca* of the Archipelago, is understood in most of the islands only by the citizens of the big towns. There are also nineteen distinct systems of native civil law. 'Both the stage of civilisation and the species of civilisation reached in the

several islands are widely disparate. There is not even a common indigenous denomination of the Archipelago.'

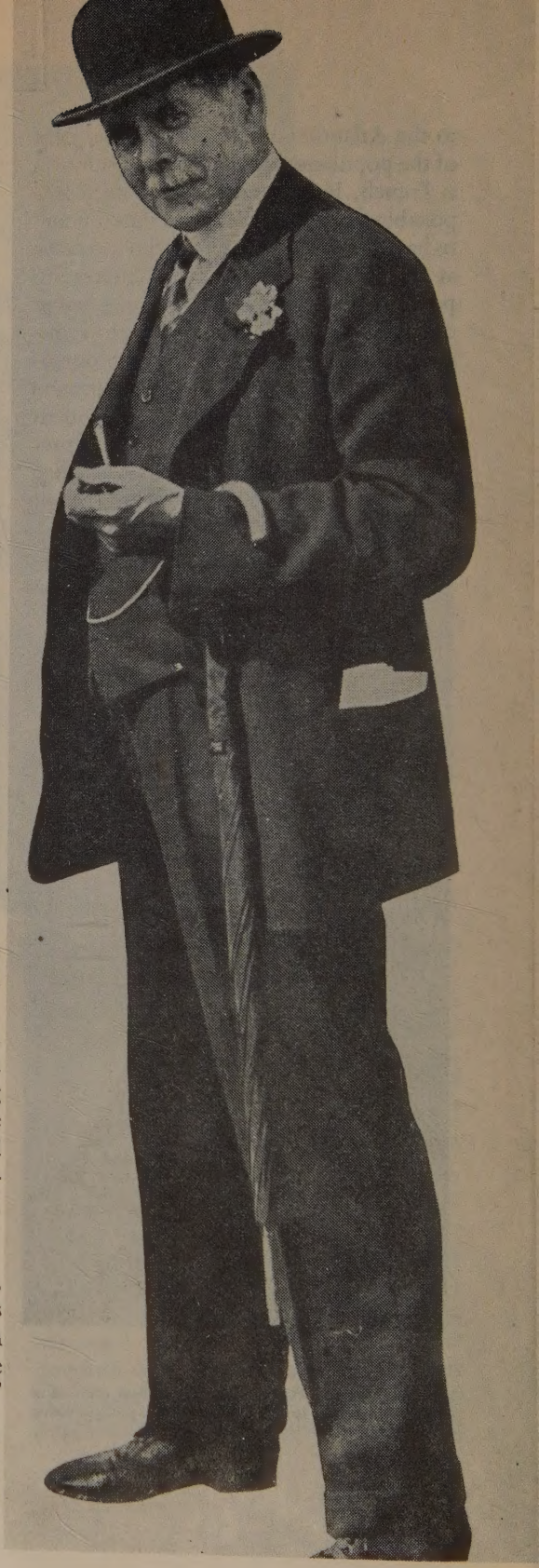
WE NEED AVIATION!

ONCE again we must call attention to the fact that our Foreign Office is still adopting a posture of appeasement. It is certainly not standing up, as it should do, to the State Department, one of the least satisfactory of American institutions, and one in which Mr. Roosevelt's reforming hand has been little apparent. It is also about time that there was more plain talk about the growing American Imperialism. One of the heads of this Imperialist Party is Mr. Henry Luce, the lord of *Life* and potentate of *Time*, with his highly energetic, and certainly attractive wife, who has now been elected to Congress.

It is also disastrous that nothing is being done in connection with British civil aviation after the war. It is not so much a question of restricting the Americans. The point is that we must have a merchant service of the air of our own after the war, and, as the *Daily Mail* has rightly pointed out, bombers, which we are producing in such large numbers, cannot usefully be converted for transport purposes. Mr. Runciman, son of the Lord Runciman of Sudeten fame, the Director-general of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, is being much criticised for his weakness. We need somebody of the character of Lord Trenchard, who built up our Air Force—and perhaps saved us from losing the war.

SOCIAL NOTE

I NOTE that 'Colonel' McCormick, proprietor of the *Chicago Tribune*, has announced that he has decided to abolish British titles of nobility. In future *World Review* will refer to 'Colonel' McCormick as 'Mr. McCormick'.



LORD TRENCHARD
whose energy gave us an Air Force when the war came

THE FUTURE OF CRIPPS

JENNIE LEE, the Fifeshire miner's daughter who became an M.P. and later the wife of Aneurin Bevan, M.P.

In the early months of last year Sir Stafford Cripps was all but canonised by his fellow countrymen. Millions were positive he was their next Prime Minister. Many were anxious that he should immediately supersede Mr. Churchill.

Nine months later he could be dismissed from the Cabinet without the general public caring much one way or another. What had happened in those nine months? Why this remarkable change of circumstances? Was Cripps unlucky, misunderstood, or, quite simply, not big enough for the rôle he had been asked to fill?

In the spring of the year he was undoubtedly the nation's conscience keeper. A desperate military situation had stimulated much heart-searching. People of every class and kind were ready to make whatever sacrifices, however drastic, might be necessary to win the war. Cripps had only to order. The nation was ready to obey.

In the earlier Dunkirk crisis the public's confidence had been given to Churchill. But a succession of military reverses for a time robbed the Prime Minister of much of his magic. It was felt that he was too much a man of the past. Cripps, on the other hand, seemed the very embodiment of the spirit of the present and the hopes of the future. This younger, leaner man who came hurrying home from Moscow, full of energy and self-confidence, had the air of one who cared nothing for material possessions and everything for more intangible, spiritual values. And added to all that, there was a robust militancy in his manner. It was not a convent he had returned from. He had returned from the toughest, most competent and most blindingly magnificent theatre of war. The emotional tie in people's minds linking Cripps with Russian resistance added enormously to his stature. He was enveloped in the radiant atmosphere of success at a time when every other prominent public figure appeared to have been tried and found wanting.

Such was the situation nine months ago. Then came the ironical sequence. By November the black February fears had lifted. The news from the battlefields gave cause for great rejoicing. But it was a Churchill victory, not a Cripps victory. Cripps was granted no part in it. Instead, one of the first acts of the Prime Minister, in celebration of the restoration of his undisputed authority, was to dismiss Cripps from his Cabinet.

Reviewing the events of the past year, it would seem that Sir Stafford Cripps is the most ingenuous man who ever reached high public office. To anyone who knows even the elementary laws of party and political warfare, his conduct is incredible. The first thing he ought to have known was that both Tory and Labour leaders were jealous of his position, that neither wanted him in the Cabinet and that they would gang up against him on the first opportunity. That is exactly what happened. And Cripps has only himself to blame. He left himself wide open to attack. He had won the confidence of the public because on his pre-war and early war record there was every reason to regard him as a uniquely gifted and courageous man of the Left. That was his supreme asset. A man without Party is

peculiarly dependent on popular esteem. If he loses that, he loses everything. The leaders of the powerful Party machines will not tolerate an Independent in high office one moment longer than the public insists on having him there.

Cripps gradually lost public support and ought to have expected to lose it. For, once elevated to the Cabinet, the familiar Cripps vanished and an unsatisfactory nondescript figure took his place. This new Cripps, so far as the outside world had any means of judging, had no distinctive point of view. He was merely the mouthpiece of the Government. In the House of Commons he undertook an impossible job for a man in his exposed political position. As Leader of the House, it was his special function to present and defend Cabinet policy. He had to defend it against criticisms from the Right and criticisms from the Left. Very soon he was out at elbows with many of his colleagues. He presented the Government's case with the utmost clarity. But without warmth or charm of manner. Mr. Anthony Eden, his successor, will please M.P.s much more, for Eden will not be torn by any internal doubts or conflicts. A high favourite in the Tory Party and sure of his position in the Tory hierarchy, he will go out of his way to be graceful in his personal dealings with Labour and Liberal M.P.s. Eden has all the advantages. Cripps, the man without Party, evangelist rather than politician, was hopelessly outmanœuvred when he undertook any such office.

The question that now remains is whether those past months have been a temporary aberration in the political life of Sir Stafford Cripps. Has he been stultifying his real mind and intentions because of a conscientious desire to maintain the maximum of national unity while the military situation was uncertain? Will he shortly regain his earlier reputation as a fearless and unequivocal man of the Left? Or does his future lie in quite other directions?

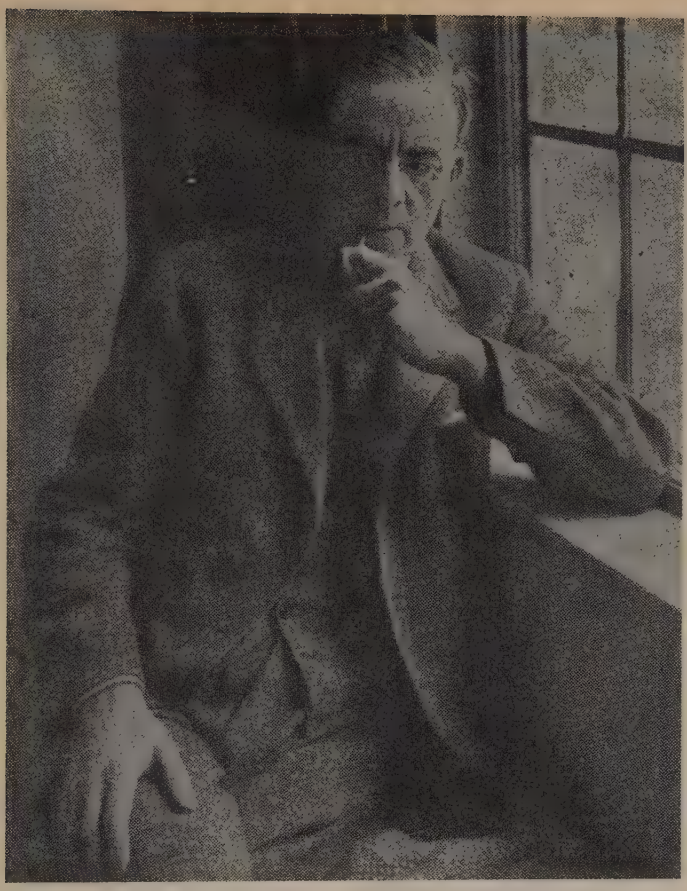
It is not safe to make any predictions about this unusual man. He has a disconcerting habit of surprising both his friends and his enemies. But, in speculating about his future, it is important to keep certain facts in mind. Sir Stafford Cripps has no faith in either the Labour Party or the Communist Party. He regards the first as the instrument of a small group of reactionary Trade Union leaders and the latter as solely responsive to the needs of Soviet Russia. He has had much experience of both, having indeed been expelled from the Labour Party some months before the war began because of his insistence on the need for an electoral alliance of Labour, Liberal and Communist Parties.

Disillusioned with those earlier associates, Cripps is now in search of a wider national synthesis. No such grouping has as yet taken organisational form. In the churches and in many mainly middle-class and professional groups he has an immense personal following. But this following means very little in terms of power politics, as his removal from the Cabinet has shown. The dangers of his position are obvious. His compromise attitude on India, the Coal Bill, Old Age Pensions and other such recent issues, has cost him the confidence of many of his former socialist supporters. Nor is the present amorphous support showered on him from all points of the political compass a reliable substitute. It is a passing wartime phenomenon which later must break up into its constituent elements. That is one aspect of the problems he has to face. Another is that, so long as the war continues, and the present House of Commons with its two-thirds Tory majority exists, the National Government will be composed of the leaders of the Tory Party with a lesser number of Labour leaders included as the junior partner. Only military disaster of an overwhelmingly catastrophic kind can break up that established pattern. There is no place for Cripps in such a set-up unless in a subordinate rôle. That has already been demonstrated.

At what point, therefore, can he hope to regain his former ascendancy and in what capacity? Will he, after a short period as Minister of Aircraft Production, go into Opposition and begin to voice the policy and hopes of that vast public that shares his lack of enthusiasm for the Tory and Labour Party machines? Will he press for radical, social and economic changes beginning *now* instead of all this unconvincing business of postponing everything until after the war?

I much doubt if Cripps himself has any clear views of his future beyond the immediate task of making a success of his new appointment as Minister of Aircraft Production and Chairman of several highly technical and scientific Government Committees. He will make an excellent departmental minister. If I were to guess, I would say that he is sanguine about building up a reputation for rock bottom reliability during this phase in his career, trusting that later the public will turn once more to him for leadership when the problems of post-war reconstruction become the great issues of British politics.

But that leaves all the hardest questions



unanswered. What, for instance, will the great political Parties be doing in the meantime? They are not in the least likely to accommodate Cripps. If he once more appears to be becoming a serious rival, they will do all in their power to destroy him. The Labour Party, because it is more afraid of him than the Tory Party is, will be the more ruthless towards him. It will try to drive him out of public life entirely. The Tory attack on a man of Cripps's temperament can be depended on to be more indirect, and in the long run, probably more effective. Towards the end of the war and after the war many exalted public offices will have to be filled. Some of them, such as international commissions dealing with the rehabilitation of Europe, will offer great scope to a man with the broad sympathies and constructive talents of Sir Stafford Cripps. Provided Cripps has not gone into full-blooded Opposition to the National Government before then, he will have many tempting offers of high administrative posts.

Froom Tyler, in his short biographical study of Sir Stafford Cripps,[1] does not permit himself to be weighed down by conflicting considerations of that kind. He takes it for granted that Cripps's socialist days are over. He sees him from now on as a middle-of-the-road politician, the hope of all progressively-minded people, and the man most fitted to lead Great Britain in the brave new days after the war. Just exactly how this is to be done and the exact policies Cripps will stand for are left to the imagination of the reader. Tyler gives no practical guidance on such mundane matters. His book is pitched on an entirely different key. To his romantic biographer, Cripps is a Man of Destiny. Men of Destiny apparently go forth

[1] *Cripps, A Portrait and a Prospect*, by Froom Tyler. *Harrap*. 6s.

and conquer the world by virtue of their superior personal qualities. They make events. They are not made by them. Admirers of Cripps may enjoy reading the story of his life as told in this highly dramatised form. But Froom Tyler is not everyone's author. Here is a fair warning of how he tackles contemporary history and politics. He is describing the first meeting of Stalin and Cripps.

'Thus two men met, between whom there was a great gulf fixed, as far as birth and upbringing were concerned—one a Georgian cobbler's son who had been all his life a penniless agitator, who had known foul prisons and Siberian exile, the other an aristocrat, a man of great possessions; yet these two had one supremely important thing in common, the revolutionary purpose, dedicated and incorruptible. One was the Czar of all the Soviets, representing a union of republics comprising 180 million people who had put Communism into practice; the other was Ambassador of the greatest imperialist Commonwealth the world had known. It was a tremendous moment in history, that instant in which the cold, honest eyes of Cripps met the inscrutable gaze of Stalin—with Karl Marx, bearded prophet of the revolutionary class war, staring down on both. . . .'

If you like that kind of writing, you are in for a good time. The book maintains the pace all the way through. This type of unsolicited and unofficial biography is an inevitable by-product of Cripps's sudden rise to fame. He deserves to have his story told in more serious and more discerning terms. No doubt that will one day be done. Cripps is still a comparatively young man. His missionary zeal is in itself sufficient guarantee that the one thing that can be safely predicted about his future is that he will be off on one great crusade after another. To predict the direction in which those crusades will carry him is quite another matter. No one who knows Cripps at all well would be rash enough to make such a prophecy.

U.S. WAR LAUGHS

'Now, J. J., this is MY idea of how to steal Jones's best mechanics!'

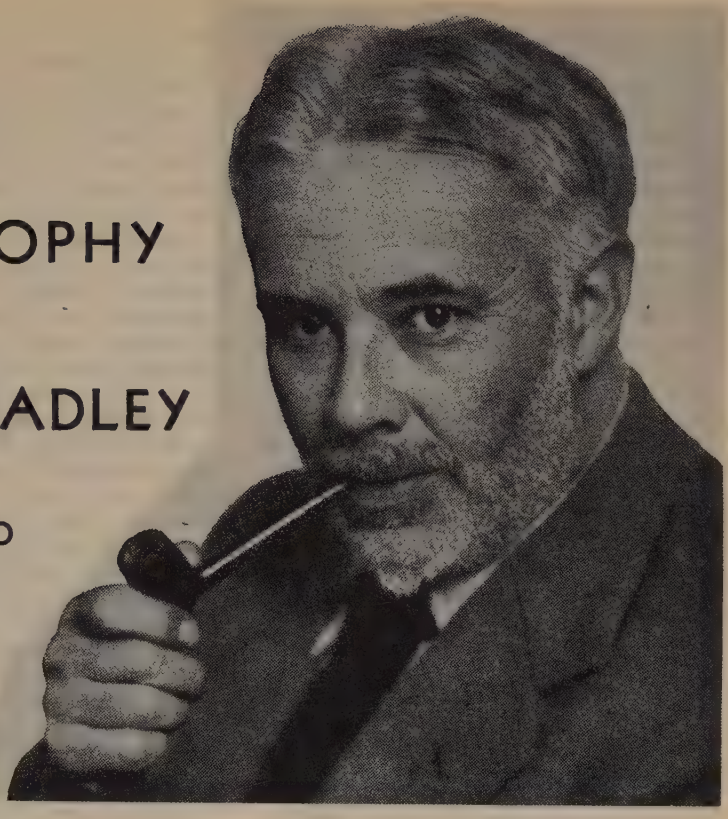
'I mould all my salvage fats into bullets BEFORE I turn it in . . . I figure this way, it'll save time'

These are two of a series of cartoons specially drawn for the U.S. Office of War Information for distribution throughout U.S.A. They are examples of the wartime laughs America is having

THE PHILOSOPHY OF F. H. BRADLEY

C. E. M. JOAD

'Britain's most famous philosopher'



WITH the exception of Professor Whitehead, who has, alas, left us for Harvard, F. H. Bradley, who died in 1924, was the last Englishman to write Philosophy in the grand manner. By 'the grand manner' I mean that he sought by sheer force of reasoning, unaided by sense experience, to determine what the nature of the universe must be. It must, he concluded, be a single all embracing whole, a unity of experience conceived on the model of feeling, or sentient experience expressing itself in an infinity of appearances which, though real, are nevertheless less real than the whole itself. This entails the view that there are degrees of reality, that some things are more real than others; the least real is the most partial and fragmentary, the most real is the most inclusive; the only absolutely real thing is the whole that includes everything.

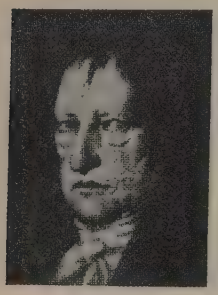
This whole is not made up of parts in the sense in which a jig-saw puzzle is made up of its parts. It is both more than the parts and expresses itself in them. These two conceptions are so important for an understanding of Bradley's philosophy that a few words of explanation may be helpful.

It is, I think, obvious that a machine, though in one sense it is a whole, is merely the arithmetical sum total of its parts, a characteristic which the machine shares with all exclusively physical things. If a physical thing were not simply the sum of its 'parts', the laws of dynamics and mechanics would not apply to it. Its constitution would also outrage the laws of arithmetic. Nevertheless, there are some wholes, notably æsthetic wholes and psychological wholes, to which the laws of arithmetic do not in fact apply. Thus, a picture is more than the sum-total of the chemically analysable canvas and paints which are used in its production; a movement of a sonata is more than the sum-total of the vibrations in the atmosphere which are set going by the impact of the hammers upon the wires of the piano; and a living organism is more than the sum-total of the various organs and functions

which constitute its body, and which physiologists describe. The picture, the movement, and the living organism are all of them brought into being by the assemblage of their 'parts', but they are in a very real sense more than that assemblage.

Not only is the whole more than the sum of its parts; it precedes and expresses itself in them. Again an example may serve to elucidate the point.

A Socialist Government committed to a scheme of Socialist reconstruction is, we will suppose, elected to power. It proceeds to take over the banks, to nationalise coal, transport, and cotton, and to establish a National Investment Board. All these measures may, from one point of view, be considered as separate, although related, governmental acts. From another and more fruitful point of view, they are the expressions of an underlying policy. Here, we may say, is the fundamental ground plan of the Socialist conception of society pervading and determining the character of all that the Government does. It is, therefore, immanent in all that the Government does. If we were ignorant of the ground plan, we should, perhaps, be unable to understand the interrelation between the various measures undertaken by the Government. It is only when they are regarded as items in the execution of a policy which is prior to, expresses itself in, and yet transcends them, that their mutual relevance can be grasped. Nevertheless, though ignorant of the ground plan, we might, if we were sufficiently expert politically or endowed with a sufficiently acute insight, be able to divine its nature from the acts.



HEGEL (1770–1831)
Tried to reduce Kant's dualism to unity. Glorified Prussian State, and accused of being precursor of Nazism

Now in this case it is, I think, obvious that the appropriate conception is not that of 'parts' coming together to form a whole, but that of a whole or unity, a ground plan, as I have called it, which expresses itself in a variety of ways. Similarly the whole which is a living organism, that is to say, a body animated by a mind, shapes the growth and determines the workings of its various parts and organs. Because a man is ill-tempered, the corners of his lips will turn down; because he is happy, his eyes will be bright.

It was upon this model that Bradley conceived the whole of experience which is the Universe. A few quotations will serve to bring out the characteristic features of his view. It follows, of course, from the conclusion that the Universe is a single unified whole, that my thinking is not a separate individual act as it appears to be, but is the Universe thinking in me. 'The real whole,' says Bradley, 'works in and through myself; its activity and mine are thus one.' Again, the very fact that my experience is imperfect justifies a deduction to an experience which is perfect. 'From such imperfect experience as I possess,' writes Bradley, 'I not only can but I must conclude to one Experience perfect and complete which, though still Experience, includes and is all that is real.' It also follows that an appearance owes such partial reality as it possesses to the presence in it of the whole which appears. 'Appearances everywhere are real, real each in and with the life of the one vital Reality, and according as each in its relative kind and degree is a special mode in which that absolute Whole shows itself and is real.'

This general view—it is known as Substantial Monism—the view, that is to say, that the Universe is at bottom a single, all embracing and unified whole, is one which Bradley shared with the great German philosopher, Hegel, whose work profoundly affected English thought in the nineteenth century. I said above that Bradley's method was that of pure reasoning; more precisely it is the method known to philosophers as that of *a priori* reasoning—you demonstrate a conclusion by deducing the necessary steps in an argument from preceding steps and it was this method that Bradley more particularly adopted from Hegel. 'Hegel,' he writes, 'has taught us this' ('this' being the dialectical method of reasoning) 'and I wish we could all learn it.'

In an admirable, though difficult, book[1]—its technicality, I am afraid, precludes me from recommending it to non-philosophers—which has just been published, Professor Church describes the method in detail.

It may be analysed into a principle and a series of demonstrations. The principle is that to be real a thing must be consistent; the demonstrations endeavour to show that all the conceptions of which we are accustomed to make use in our

[1] *Bradley's Dialectic*, by Ralph Withington Church. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

analysis of the familiar world—time, space, substance, cause, matter—reveal themselves on examination to be mutually inconsistent and, in terms, therefore, of Bradley's criterion of reality, less than real. The following quotation from Professor Church's book states the principle and suggests the method. 'Bradley insists . . . that in condemning the inconsistent as appearance, we are contrasting all this with what is not inconsistent; and this, the self-consistent, is ultimate reality. "Our standard [he is quoting from Bradley] denies inconsistency, and, therefore, asserts consistency. We can be sure that the inconsistent is unreal, we must logically be just as sure that the reality is consistent."' . . . 'If,' Professor Church comments, 'by definition, the inconsistent is unreal, then by the contradictory or contrary of the same definition the self-consistent is real.'

The following is an example of the method at work in its application to space. Space must presumably be either a relation, a relation that is to say, between things in space, or a substance, that is to say, a thing. Yet, Bradley points out, space cannot be *either* a relation *or* a substance. For, first, let us suppose that it is a relation. Now any space must consist of extended parts and these parts will be spaces. If space is a relation, the parts must also be relations; space then is a relation between a number of parts which are themselves relations between a number of parts which are themselves relations and so on *ad infinitum*. If space in fact is a relation, it is a relation with nothing to relate.

Now, let us suppose, secondly, that space is a substance or thing. Once again, it must consist of parts which will themselves be substances or things. These, in their turn, will consist of parts and these again of parts and so on *ad infinitum*. The mind never reaches a non-divisible 'part' at which its analysis can stop and it itself can come to rest. Now terms, that is to say things to relate, are essential to a relation, yet if we try to work with space as a term we notice that it is capable of being divided infinitely—there is no space so small that it cannot be halved—and we therefore never come to any solid and indivisible part which can form the basis, as it were, upon which space as a whole can be constructed. Space, then, it would seem, cannot be a substance or thing and must be a relation. But we have already shown that space cannot be a relation; the notion of space, then, is inconsistent and space, therefore, cannot be wholly real.

It is, however, in its application to relations themselves that the application of Bradley's method may be most clearly seen. Let us suppose that we make such a statement as 'an emu's egg is larger than a hen's.' In this statment the emu's egg and the hen's egg are called the terms and the relation between them is that of 'being larger than'. In common sense we should say that this relation is other than the terms it relates, in the sense that it is not part of them and does not affect them. They would be just the same, we should say, if this relation did not hold between them as they are when it does. This, then, the common-sense view, may be described by saying that relations are external to their terms.

Bradley, however, maintained the doctrine of the *internality* of relations. He argued, that is to say, that the relations are literally parts of the terms they relate. Put in non-technical language, the argument is as follows:

Unless a hen's egg were smaller than an emu's, unless it were browner than a pigeon's and larger than a sparrow's, unless it were more brittle than rubber and more oval than a billiard ball, it would not be the egg it is. Hence, its attributes of 'being smaller than', 'being browner than', 'being larger than', 'being more brittle and oval than', literally constitute its nature. If it did not possess these attributes, it would be a different egg. But each of the attributes in question presupposes the existence of something else to which, in virtue of its possession of the attribute, the egg is related. If there were no emus' eggs, pigeons' eggs and sparrows' eggs, no rubber and no billiard balls, these attributes of a hen's egg could not be its attributes. Therefore, the relation of the hen's egg to other things and, by consequence, the existence of these other things, constitutes part of the being or nature of the hen's egg. Again, it is a truth about the egg that, if kept too long, it will smell; another truth that, together with eleven other similar eggs, it will fetch 1s. 6d. in the market. Now these truths about the egg entail the existence of yet other sorts of things—time, for example, smell, markets and money. And, once again it is insisted, unless these truths were true about the egg, it would not be the egg it is. Thus every entity is related to other entities by relations, each of which helps to constitute the being both of it and of the other entities to which it is related. These in their turn are related to yet other entities, so that everything in the universe is bound up with everything else in a network of relations which are not distinct from the things they relate, but penetrate into their being and make them what

they are. Change a thing and you change its relations; you change, therefore, everything in the universe. Change the relations of a thing and you change the thing. The universe, on this view, may be likened to an enormous reverberating chamber, in which any whisper, however faint, in any part, however remote, echoes and re-echoes throughout the whole. It follows that a book upon the table is not the same book as it is upon the floor, and that the clock upon the mantelpiece will be altered, however slightly, every time a tiger is shot in the jungle.

One of the results of this conclusion is the denial of the law of contradiction according to which everything is completely itself and cannot be anything else. For Bradley nothing is completely itself in the sense of being a distinct separated, isolated thing; it is shot through with its relations to everything else. Thus, to say 'a is a and not b' is not to assert an absolute identity and negation. Both the identity and the negation are for him relational or, as we should say, relative.

Professor Church has an interesting section contrasting Bradley's philosophy with that of Hume, the greatest of English philosophers. Hume was an idealist in the sense that he maintained that the human mind can only know its own impressions and ideas. The world, then, is, for anything we can know to the contrary, wholly mental or ideal. Each one of these ideas was, for Hume, wholly and completely itself. 'All our distinct perceptions,' he says in a famous phrase, 'are distinct existences' and 'the mind' he adds, 'never perceives any real connection among distinct existences.' Thus, for Hume, the world is a collection of distinct, separate, isolated ideas, whereas for Bradley it is a unified whole, expressing itself in an infinity of partially real appearances, each of which is suffused with or pervaded by all the rest.

A not less important difference between the two philosophers is that of method. Hume was an empiricist. He believed, that is to say, that all our knowledge comes from experience and that we can never know anything which is composed of and resolvable into the raw materials consisting of the impressions and sensations that we have actually experienced with our senses. Bradley, as I pointed out at the beginning, proceeds by the method of abstract reasoning. It is pre-eminently the method of the mathematician. It is not necessary in order to do mathematics to have any sense experience. If a mathematician were to sit and reason in his study, then, assuming that he reasoned well enough, he could deduce the whole body of mathematical knowledge from the few fundamental axioms from which he started. Bradley presupposed that the universe was like a problem in mathematics in the sense that the truth about it could be discovered in the same way, could be discovered, that is to say, by reasoning unaided by experience. The danger of this method is that when, turning our back upon what the universe, as we experience it, actually seems to be, we prescribe to it by *a priori* reasoning what it must be, we are very apt to reach results which are conformable with our wishes. We tend, in other words, to conclude that the universe as it *must* be, or as it is in reality, is spiritual, or is a unity, or is meaningful and good, in contrast to the universe as it appears, which is shot through with separateness and division, of meaninglessness, matter and evil.

In the twentieth century a reaction has set in against the method of philosophising which Bradley adopted. He himself said that metaphysics, that is to say, the philosophical study of reality, may be merely 'the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct.' 'But to find these reasons,' he adds, 'is no less an instinct.' No doubt, but why should we suppose that the reasons so found, found that is to say, in response to an instinctive need, are true?

Ethical neutrality, achieved with difficulty in the sciences, is harder of achievement in philosophy. When we seek to determine the nature of the whole, it is harder to expel self than when we are engaged in analysing the structure of the atom, and it is not easy for the philosopher to maintain that aloofness from mundane hopes and fears which now characterises the best work of pure science. Man has always found it difficult not to distort evidence to suit his ends; it is the achievement of science to have triumphed to some extent over this difficulty. But when he seeks to pass beyond the evidence collected by the special sciences and asks himself the question, what sort of universe must it be in which such evidence occurs, self-forgetfulness is hard indeed. Unperceived, his mind will insist on legislating to the universe, and, instead of recognising it to be such as the evidence suggests, pronouncing it to be such as his wishes would have it. That we cannot entirely transcend our nature is true; some subjective bias, if only the bias which causes us to pay attention to certain things rather than to others, must determine the direction of our thought, and the scope and subtlety of mind's awareness is in any event conditioned by the level of evolution which it has reached.

But some emancipation from the grosser and more primitive hopes and fears should by now at least be possible, and is a pre-requisite of successful philosophising. That man should no longer regard reality as friendly or hostile, mindlike or mindless, like or unlike a human spirit, that he should cease to define it in reference to any imagined relation to himself, is the first requirement of the scientific temper in philosophy. If it is urged that this condition makes the ultimate nature of reality unintelligible and, therefore, indescribable, the possibility is one that must be faced.

But this is by no means a necessary consequence. The charge against Bradley's philosophy is that, belittling the world as we find it in experience, a world of separate people and things extended in space, he postulates as his standard of reality a single all embracing whole, or Absolute of feeling. It is not perhaps much to the point that I personally find a reality conceived after this model in the highest degree distasteful, a feeling which I share with William James, who dubbed the Absolute with its all embracing intimacy as 'a large sea-side boarding-house with no private bedroom in which I might take refuge from the society of the place.' But who are William James and C. E. M. Joad that their tastes and feelings about reality should have any bearing upon its nature? More to the point is that the same Hegelian method of reasoning applied in another sphere has produced results which are not only emotionally repulsive but manifestly disastrous. This is the sphere of politics. Analogous to the Absolute Whole of reality is Hegel's absolute whole of the State which, like reality, transcended, expressed itself in, and was more real than the individuals, in this case the citizens, who composed it. The State was, in fact, for Hegel a personality into whose being the lives of the citizens were absorbed and upon the altar of whose service they might without rights or protest be sacrificed. He even went so far as to describe it as 'the movement of God in the world, which is the absolute power on earth; it is its own end and object.'

This sort of thing seems to me to be theory run mad. I don't suggest that Bradley subscribed to such conclusions; I am content to emphasise the point that they are the product of the same method of *a priori* reasoning that Bradley himself followed, and that in the sphere of political theory this method produced results which, as we can see for ourselves, are not only false but dangerous.

Folklore

AMONG the numerous popular beliefs and superstitions connected with the ear, the most interesting to folklorists and students of the history of religions is the idea of the ear serving as the female organ of generation, particularly in the conception of Jesus, which was supposed to be effected by introduction into the Virgin Mary's ear of the breath of the Holy Ghost. Belief in this unusual function of the ear, which was often illustrated by medieval artists, is not peculiar to Christian mythology; it is also found in Mongolian, Persian and Indian legends. A belief in a relation between the size or shape of the external ear and the character of the individual was widespread, small ears being a sign of mental power, large ears indicating dullness, and pointed ears a bad character. *Nature*

History

THE librarian of Croydon tells us the story of a man who read *Gone with the Wind*, and thereby acquired such an interest in American history that he has since read two dozen books on the Civil War. *The American Outpost*

? ★

Boredom

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL, bored with mediocrity, insincerity; interested outdoors, photography, would appreciate stimulating correspondence with sincere young lady.

★ ★ ★

SPIRIT OF SIXTEEN with few white hairs, homesick for smell of sage and fir. Write, cowboy.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG ENGINEER, dreamer as well as builder, invites correspondence with cultured young woman who can be a source of inspiration.

★ ★ ★

GRANDNIECE OF YANKEE CAPTAIN, marooned in big city hack writing, seeks secondhand sniff of open sea. Letters from mature seafaring heroes entertainingly and enviously answered.

Ads. in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

RANAVALONA III, *last Queen, with her Premier, Rainilaiarivony, who trained an army against the French with help of British officers*

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR

NANCY CUNARD

Authority on Africa and Negro questions. Edited the large anthology *Negro*, in 1934

On the afternoon of 5 May 1942, large headlines in the papers startled and enheartened the public: 'We seize Madagascar' put an end to the threat of the Japanese getting there first for the same purpose.

In France the news of this success was received by the majority of the people either 'with complete indifference' or seen 'as a victory for the Democracies', much to the anger of Vichy. Mr. Churchill's hope is doubtless an already gladly accepted one in France today: 'We trust that the French nation will come to regard this episode as a recognisable step in the liberation of their country, including Alsace Lorraine, from the German yoke.' Ninety per cent of the French must certainly see the saving of Madagascar from Japan and the Axis in the same light as do most of the Fighting French here.

To look at a map is to realise at once the importance of Madagascar in connection with the whole of the Empire routes to the East; its strategic position commands the sea lanes between the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and India, between South Africa and the Indian Ocean. Under the same government as Madagascar, the Comoro Islands, situated in the northern entrance of the Mozambique Channel, in conjunction with Diego Suarez, form admirable submarine and air bases.

Third largest island in the world, Madagascar has a population of about 3,800,000, of whom 25,000 are French. Nearly 1,000 miles long, it possesses 15,000 miles of roads, a central railway and numerous airfields. 240 miles distant at its closest point from the East coast of Africa at Mozambique, the total extent of the island is about 228,000 square miles.

This is not the first time the British have landed in Madagascar. In 1811 they occupied the port of Tamatave; in 1814 the Treaty of Paris recognised as British the French settlements which, at that time, were almost defunct. Our policy, however, was rather in support of the ruling Hova dynasty than of taking up 'British rights'.

Little is known of Madagascar in ancient history. To Aristotle it was 'Phanbalon'; 'Menulthas' to Ptolemy; Pliny refers to it as 'Cerne'; the Arabs later called it 'Zaledz'; and 'Gezirat al Kmorr—Island of the Moon'—the name told to Pedralvez Cabral's Portuguese flotilla under Diego Diaz who, on 10th August, 1500, rechristened it 'Isla San Lourenço'. Not for some time were navigators to judge San Lourenço worthy of more than a passing visit. It is Marco Polo who first refers to it by the name we know and use: Magaster or Madeigascar.

Although the Malagasy people in the main are 'a part of the far-flung family of Oceanic speech and tradition' (*Encyclopædia Britannica*) racial origins are diverse, their establishing controversial. While migrations from Malaya are known to have occurred, a Malagasy scientist has stated that the original inhabitants of Nozindambo ('Island of Boars', another of its ancient names) were of African descent, people of the Wazimba emigrated from East Africa. Another qualifies them as descendants of Kafirs; a third suggests that the Wazimba, having prospered in Nozindambo, extended their wanderings as far

Coronation of the last Queen

as Malaya. J. Rabearivelo, of the University of Antananarivo, says of this: 'It seems possible to postulate the existence of a vanished "Lemurian Continent". This kind of austral Atlantis would have linked the Indian Ocean to Oceania and made the Eastern Archipelago easy of access. Traces of such formation have come down to us in the forms of certain families of monkeys and common plants . . . certain analogies of language and customs.' It is thought that Madagascar may also have been joined to Africa.

The commonly accepted date of the arrival of the Malayans is the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Soon after, from Africa, came the influx of Arabs, whose descendants today are the Veza, Antaimoro, Antambaboaka, Betsimisaraka. But the Arabs were never a dominant factor in the island. Their impression on the language is found in the names of coins, the signs of the Zodiac, words pertaining to dress and music, while that of the Malayans is much more important: a whole vocabulary for the parts of the body, for the family, for the earth, sea and sky. Some of the Malayans took a new name on arrival; this was 'Niova', meaning 'changed'; in the eighteenth century this became the 'Hova' that we know today. Latest of the immigrants, they are the lightest in skin, of Mongoloid type. The Sakalava, the most important of the dark-skinned people, at one time one of the dominant island groups, were supplanted by them.

From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century the contacts made by the French with Madagascar, all in the cause of trade, were sporadic, interrupted by failures due to lack of help from France, to the difficulties of the land and the climate, and, largely, to the resentment of the Malagasy people, although the first trading effort had been good. *L'Ile Dauphine*, as it was called in the seventeenth century, is over 40,000 square kilometres larger than France, and the trading companies did little more than construct coastal settlements here and there in the southern region—counters for the barter of precious woods and hides. Little was known of the interior until the seventeenth century when Sakalavas and Hovas became active and powerful rivals, the last-named establishing their supremacy and their sovereigns ruling until 1895. But although constantly repulsed, the French persevered with their trading and military posts; the Dutch and the

GALLIENI, *hero of Sudan and Tongking, deposed the Queen. Later the hero of the taxicab advance to the Marne in 1914*

English failed in maintaining their attempted coastal settlements.

As early as 1527 certain Lords of the Manor of Ango at Varengeville near Dieppe made a little company which sailed to Madagascar to start trading contacts; later more organised merchant companies were formed by Brittany and Normandy in hot competition. In 1620 France proclaimed her 'historic rights over Madagascar'; and about the middle of the century a real trading post was set up at Fort Dauphin. Its vicissitudes were numerous and painful, and, in 1674, the hundred or so men left in the Fort petitioned the King of France to withdraw them. Ten years later Louis XIV offered Fort Dauphin to the East India Company.

Not all the contacts of white with Malagasy were inimical and the records tell of two Europeans who settled among them. The first was a Catalan from Lerida in Spain, Claude Bonet, who founded the kingdom of Menabe and was known as 'the Prince who burns the forests'. His wife was a successor of the first Hova queen, Ranjita or Rafohy, who had proclaimed Hova rule at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Later, in 1664, La Case, son of a mayor of La Rochelle, was married to the Princess Dian Nong (*Belle entre les Noirs*) and ruled over a whole region in her name. In Madagascar, too, was the first attempt at a 'Socialist Colony'. It was founded by a French buccaneer in the reign of Louis XIV; there was no individual ownership, all being jointly shared by the hundred or so men and women who had come out from France.

As with so many of the territories which have become the great colonial possessions of today, the first settlements were disastrous undertakings; yet a seventeenth-century description of Madagascar speaks of the fertility of the land: 'Soil admirable for all kinds of plants and trees; the country would produce far more than sufficient for its own subsistence. The waters are excellent; the fruits delicious; gold mines in such abundance that during the rains their seams are disclosed of themselves.' Mayeur, in 1785, wrote of the Hova: 'No other people in Madagascar have such natural intelligence or aptness for work.' The Malagasy were described in those times as a people of splendid physique, with their own social system and land-tenure agriculture well planned and well functioning. Religion was not organised as we understand it, nor was there any priesthood. Animism and ancestor worship prevailed. Men and women lived on an equal sexual footing, although polygamy existed until French rule. Today, the greater part of the people are Protestant, having been christianised by the British missionaries settled there in 1810.

After the abandon of Fort Dauphin came a long period of pirates and adventurers, and nothing much was done to continue French trading contacts until 1773 when a Hungarian, Baron Benyowski, undertook to establish a centre there for France. His ideas appear to have been on too grand a scale for success, and the Malagasy attacked instead of peacefully trading.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century great changes came about among the Hova people under their energetic ruler Radama I, who made a treaty with the Governor of Mauritius for the cessation of the importing of slaves. A British agent lived at his court; his soldiers received military training from British officers; missionaries were encouraged, many schools built and printing brought in; at this time, too, the language was first put into written characters. On his death there followed a reactionary period during which Europeans and missionaries were persecuted and commerce almost ceased. In 1846 the British and

the French attacked the port of Tamatave in defence of their trading interests. Radama II, in 1861, renewed relations with the Europeans, and important concessions were made to the French companies. His wife, who succeeded him, refused to ratify 'illegally obtained agreements with France' and preferred to pay one million francs indemnity. At the same time she made treaties with Great Britain, France and the U.S.A.; the missionaries increased tenfold, and, in 1868, the next ruler, Ranavalona II, was baptised with her husband, Christianity now being legally recognised. It is at this moment that the disappearance of much of Malagasy art is to be deplored, for all the royal fetish-deities and carvings of former tribal worship were destroyed.

Under Prime Minister Rainilaiarivony, who was married to three queens in succession, Madagascar now sought recognition as an independent state; French, British and American Consulates were established; another treaty made with Great Britain in 1865 and the Hova army increased to 40,000 under British training. While the Hova were the friends of England, France favoured the other great race, the Sakalava, and, in 1885, during the great period of colonial expansion, a 'Protectorate' over Madagascar was envisaged by France. When her demand for total control and authority was rejected, French troops were landed and entered Antananarivo in 1895. Queen Ranavalona was not formally dispossessed until the next year and was then exiled to Reunion and later to Algeria where she died in 1917. Thus ended the long rule of the Hova dynasty, and of autonomous government in Madagascar. With only a few exceptions, all of the sovereigns had been women.

General Gallieni, who had conducted the whole of this campaign, was nominated first Governor-General; these operations and subsequent 'pacification' cost France over 100,000,000 francs and the use of 60,000 white and 150,000 colonial soldiers. Consolidation of French rule was accompanied by guerrilla resistance and the dislocation of native habits and customs, while Government and missionaries were hostile to each other. Heavy taxation was imposed and the tribes placed under the control of French officials, while those of the chiefs considered 'safe' were allowed to retain a certain amount of authority. Meanwhile slavery and polygamy were abolished, compulsory education from eight to fourteen instituted, and medical and agricultural schools founded. By 1924 there were some 150 Malagasy employed as officials in responsible positions; a number of them qualified as 'assimilated' had already received French citizenship. Here, as in many parts of Africa, forced labour has aroused much bitter feeling, and was reported by the Governor himself, and quoted by Mr. H. B. Butler, President of the Committee for the Organisation of International Labour, in Geneva, as being responsible for as high as 50 per cent of the mortality.

The island legislature is under the Governor-General, with three Councils and financial delegations of twenty-four Europeans and twenty-four Malagasy members. Industries are meat-canning, sugar and rice factories, rum-distilling, manufacture of soaps, silk and cotton weaving. The main exports are hides, salt, dried meat, dried vegetables, rice, coffee, tapioca, graphite, precious stones. Employment is largely agricultural, the Betsileo people being rated very highly as agricultural engineers.

In June, 1940, the Governor-General was Monsieur de Coppet, who, in answer to a telegram from Monsieur Brunot, the Governor of Cameroon, and one of the first of the colonial authorities to rally to General de Gaulle, stated his determination to continue the struggle against Germany; this was endorsed by General Abadie, the military commander of the island. Both were deprived of office, Vichy appointing Monsieur Cayla, who was succeeded last year by Monsieur Annet, previously Governor of Dahomey.

Today we know how French patriots suffered and resisted. A French officer who escaped gives the following picture: 'Nearly all the military were for de Gaulle. Officials were imprisoned in a concentration camp, a large number of Malagasy likewise; the most prominent military and civil de Gaullists were sent to France, including General Abadie, Military Commander of the Island.'

The 1940 Armistice produced no other effect on most of the population than 'continue the struggle'. London and Brazzaville wireless was a great inspiration. The Vichy Governor received many threats and the Croix de Lorraine was ever visible. Children showed great spirit in their chalkings: '*Deux gaules, quatre roues*'; this charming *jeu de mots* means '*de Gaulle, Catroux*'. I am happy that today Madagascar is freed from the odious Vichy domination.

THE NAZI LAW

GEORGE MIKES

A Hungarian, formerly London correspondent of a Budapest daily and Sunday newspaper. Author of several radio-plays, novels, essays, short stories, etc., and a student of international law

THE Weimar Constitution secured all rights for the individual German citizen which, according to the opinion of civilised peoples, are indispensable to free men. One was allowed to change one's domicile within Germany, to emigrate, to speak one's own language, to take part in meetings without special permission, to form associations for any lawful purpose and to practise one's religion. All Germans were declared to be equal before the law.

The Nazis' seizure of power naturally meant the death sentence to all these liberal and human principles. When Hitler became Chancellor, he started the realisation of his carefully elaborated programme which can be briefly summarised in two points: to unite the German people, and to achieve world hegemony. In order to achieve his first aim he had to stamp out all individual opinion and criticism, which certainly would have caused differences, arguments and internal struggles, and he also had to fight a bitter war against the 'internal enemies' of the Reich—people who did not sympathise with his régime. In order to achieve his second aim he saw the necessity of creating a huge military force. And in order to realise both of his goals he had to transform German law into a purely political instrument.

The teaching of law in the Nazi Reich is just as seriously controlled as any other teaching. Freedom of purely legal opinion is repressed as much as freedom of any other opinion—political or even scientific. Judges are selected on grounds of race and political reliability. The old Weimar principle: 'Judges of the ordinary courts are appointed for life' does not exist any longer. The distinction between legislative, administrative and judicial functions has practically disappeared and judiciary has been transformed into a simple branch of the Executive.

Naturally, the Nazis were not satisfied with substituting old judges for new ones; they had also to substitute old laws for new ones. They had to abolish completely the old liberal law, which allowed too much freedom and right to criticise, and they had to build up a legal system of their own. Every dictatorship has to choose between two attitudes towards law. The first is not to change the existing human, legal system, but to ignore it. This way was chosen—to mention an old example—by the Roman Imperial dictators. The Nazis chose the other possibility. They always paid great attention to legal formalities (Hitler's nickname before he seized power was Adolphe Legalité), and they did not want to be accused of law-breaking. Therefore they did not break their own laws, but they legalised their wrongdoings. They invented a special Nazi philosophy which proves that the persecution of the Jews or the establishment of concentration camps is not only a necessity, but is, indeed, a moral duty. Nazi legislation makes it possible for people just acquitted by a judge to be arrested by the Gestapo and kept in prison for years.

The Nazi legal system has three main principles, all of which are the natural and logical consequences of Nazi philosophy. The first is that law is not the servant of justice, but the servant of the State, and is a simple political weapon. The second principle is the 'Führer Prinzip'; the third, the racial theory. Let us scrutinise these principles and their practical consequences one by one.

'All law must be openly and frankly political,' declare the Nazi legal philosophers; and they go on to say that the extreme individualism of Roman law was detrimental to the State. The State is everything and the individual human being is nothing; consequently law must only serve the interests of the State. The individual has no natural rights, but the State has. The strictest State control is necessary in every aspect because too much freedom leads to anarchy.

These general principles are carefully employed in practice. For example, one may find many different explanations for anti-Jewish laws, which, though enforced with barbarous cruelty,

Germany's highest court, misnamed 'People's Court'. Judges number thirty-two, of whom twelve are lawyers, five army officers, five storm troop captains, five aviation commanders, five Nazi Party officials. There is no jury. It stands supreme. Five judges sit at a time

were also used with great skill in internal and foreign policy. The idealist is right when he says: 'Faced with a field as clear as this, and a foe as impotent, not even a gangster would have wasted a bullet.' (Lõwenthal: *The Jews of Germany*). But the Germans—who doubts it?—are not idealists. In the early days of Nazism, Hitler's anti-Semitism brought many people over to his side who would otherwise have strongly opposed him. Later, the Jewish question was used as a simple, cheap and impressive way of demonstrating the unity of the nation. The anti-Jewish legislation of the Third Reich was of great service also in the field of foreign policy. Certain political parties of smaller neighbouring countries took up anti-Semitic slogans and followed Germany's example with admiration. Nazi anti-Jewish laws were a bait swallowed blindly by a few short-sighted politicians, who thereby led their nations into complete subservience to Germany.

The entire German legal system and jurisdiction is supervised by the Gestapo—a purely political body. The Secret Police, or Gestapo (abbreviation of *Geheime Staatspolizei*), was established in April 1933 by Goëring and was originally confined to the territory of Prussia. On 30 January 1934, the Gestapo passed under the jurisdiction of the Reich. On 2 May 1935 the Prussian Administrative Court decided that the Secret Police was not subject to judicial control. This statement received statutory force by the Prussian law of 10 February 1936. In effect, a Gestapo order for arrest cannot be challenged in a court of law; the Gestapo may arrest anyone who has just been acquitted by an ordinary court. This also means that any judge, who passes a sentence according to his own conscience and the law and not according to the interests of the Nazi Party, may be sent to a concentration camp himself. All these orders may be formally valid, but they are essentially immoral and unjust and make every individual's life within the borders of the Third Reich utterly insecure.

The second guiding principle of Nazi Law is the 'Führer Prinzip'. The Führer is the incorporation of the German State. His will is the nation's will. State action is dependent on his existence and on the people's blind faith in the creed of leadership. The Leader unites all authority in himself and he is the nation's representative. The Führer has the initiative in every important question which may concern the nation's vital interest. He decides, and all his orders must be carried out unchallenged. Occasionally the Reichstag may be called together, or a plebiscite may be held in order to endorse certain specific measures taken by the Führer, but neither the Reichstag nor the people can make any suggestion or criticise the Führer, because such ideas are opposed to the principles of authoritarian leadership. Consequently in Germany, both in theory and in practice, law is the will of the Leader.

The third important legal theory of the Nazis is the racial doctrine. The nation must be firmly

united by ties of blood. The Historical School of the nineteenth century put forward the teaching that law is a product of the national spirit, and is essentially nationalistic in its character. The Nazis believe in the teachings of this school, but they add another principle to its theory, namely, that the nation itself must be racially pure. Only Germans or Aryans by blood have any rights. People of non-Aryan descent have duties only, but no rights. The Nazis carry out this principle logically; they give the right of franchise and other rights, hitherto considered privileges of the citizen, to people of Germanic blood, although subjects of foreign countries. On the other hand, they were extremely illogical in their conduct towards people like the Hungarians whom they despise as non-Aryans but treat as Aryans. Political considerations made the Nazis forget their principles.

By the spring of 1924 no Jew or half-Jew or quarter-Jew could hold a public office, obtain or keep a post in the Civil Service, practise law or serve as judge or on a jury, teach in public schools, colleges, technical institutes or universities or attend any lower school beyond a proportion of one and a half per cent. Those of Jewish origin could not belong to German sports clubs, cultural societies or art circles, practise medicine in a public hospital, work on a newspaper or in a publishing business (except a purely Jewish one); they could not be engaged in any capacity in a theatre, opera house, cinema, or in broadcasting; the practice of architecture, painting sculpture, music, and writing were rendered practically impossible. Jews could not advertise in the general press.

The Nuremberg Law (15 November 1935) enforced further restrictions: it prohibited intermarriage as well as extramarital relationship between Jews and Germans; forbade Jews to employ female domestics of German blood under thirty-five years of age; decreed the establishment of separate schools for Jewish children and denied Jews the right of displaying the German flag.

The racial doctrine is defended and explained even by the most serious German writers with a certain mystical ecstasy which used to be very unusual in legal science.

Let us examine now a few special points and see how Nazi theories were employed in practice.

In legislation concerning workers the Nazis established 'Social Honour Courts' consisting of three members—one official as chairman, one worker and one 'leader' member. The leader principle was applied to the whole life of a factory. For instance, the sphere of authority of the general meetings—more or less a democratic institution—has been decreased and the power of the board of directors has been augmented.

Private property still exists in Germany. But free disposal of farms is restricted and neglectful farming is punishable. Private property is not by any means defended against State interference. According to the Nazi principles everything is dependent on the grace of the omnipotent State and the Government may deprive any citizen of his property.

Contractual rights are not sufficiently defended by the State. The 'impossibility of performance' is the corner-stone of the law of obligations. Very often the Nazi judge does not analyse the text of the contract or the circumstances in which the contract was signed; he analyses instead the individuals in the case concerned, e.g. Poles were very often deprived of their contractual rights because 'Poles cannot be right in any question if they are in dispute with Germans.'

Marriage in Nazi Germany is considered sacred and indissoluble. As a country in need of soldiers, Germany encourages marriage and even welcomes illegitimate children.

Arbitration is much discouraged in the Nazi State. In other countries arbitration is considered a means of arranging controversies so as to spare the courts extra work. But the Nazis are suspicious of it because they do not like any dispute to be removed from the eyes of the judge.

Finally, a few words on the Nazi conception of international law. The long series of breach of promises with which Hitler flabbergasted the whole world is well known to everyone. To the rest of the world the Nazis tried to explain that the Führer had not broken his promises but had acted according to the requirements of international law. But for internal consumption the Germans have their own theory. It is a natural consequence of the racial doctrine. They say that, as the Germans are superior to any other race in the world, they have more rights than any other nation. The Germans cannot be bound by their promises because only the interests of the State decide what is to be done, and to follow the interests of the State is much more important than to stick to the words of a document, however solemnly signed. So Germany bases her robber theories on the 'special divine mission of the German people.' Some writers explain that Germany's superiority is proved by the fact that she is able to overcome any opposition which

threatens her 'eternal rights': in other words, she is strong enough to take whatever she likes from weaker nations.

These are the fundamental principles of the German legal system. Several English writers allege that the German legal principles are not a reversion to the past but the fruit of a new conception. I think this a misjudgment of the real situation, because the Germans have hardly any conception at all—conception in the old, scientific meaning of the word.

When in March 1939 Hitler marched into Prague and, having absorbed a foreign race, gave up the racial basis of his international politics, there were only too many legal 'scientists' in Germany who were willing to furnish him with the necessary philosophical theories, based this time on historical claims instead of the usual racial balderdash. I think Nazism is just the old military tyranny, not even clad in a new robe, but only using new slogans. The racial principle is a slogan; the socialist background a catchword. Nazism is not based on any principle at all. Only spineless scientists, who are always ready to sell their brains to any government which is ready to pay a good price for them, supply the modern barbarians with the theories they need.

When Frederick the Great—so it is said—absorbed Poland, he was asked what justification he had for this action. 'Justification,' the 'Great' king exclaimed, 'I cannot bother with such trifles. Anyway, it is the job of my court philosophers to find out the moral justification for anything I do.'

The situation is exactly the same again. Nazi law is not based on any real scientific principles. The deeds, the actions, come first, and the servile Nazi scientists march after, singing their masters' praises and calling ugly deeds by nice names.

Cause of Over-optimism?

SOME sort of minor sensation has been caused by the trial and acquittal in a Johannesburg court of an astrologer; and this has resulted in a general airing of more or less scientific views on this interesting subject by numerous people. It is really amazing how many folk have some sort of belief in astrology. Mass Observation reported in an English review some months ago that four out of every ten people in that country were addicted to it, and no doubt similar figures would be found in many other countries. The fact that apparently only by coincidence do the premonitions of the stars ever come true, as *Picture Post* proved quite conclusively in its published investigations, doesn't seem to have much effect. For all this we probably have to blame the popular press in Britain,which has been running astrologers as a stunt for years past. In recent months they have dropped these gentry—the reason being a semi-official hint that their professional optimism, always forecasting victory and minimising defeat, led to public over-confidence—and now the only big English paper which retains its tame astrologer is *The People*. You may remember that the *Cape Times*, which used to feature the sanguine Mr. Naylor, discontinued him soon after the outbreak of war, and judging from that daily's recent editorial, which declared that 'astrology was given its death-blow in England . . . in 1708', his return to South African journalism is hardly a likely adjunct to post-war reconstruction. The fault, perhaps, lies more in his stars than in himself.

Trek

Cheesecake

MURRAY KORMAN is a man who, without fear of arrest .or self-confusion, leads a distinctly double life, one half on Broadway and the other on Madison Avenue. On Broadway, he specialises in an important branch of photography known as 'cheesecake'. The derivation of this term is clouded, but, whatever it may be, there is reason to believe that the word was first applied, in the photographic sense, to ship-news pictures. Many years ago it became the custom to pose all visiting or returning beauties, or near-beauties, regardless of the exact nature of their news interest, on the ship's rail in as alluring a position as possible. Frequently a story whose headline read something like 'Hester Cameron Back After Survey of Latvian Unemployment' was illustrated with a sharp view of a pair of shapely legs and a face indistinguishably out of focus in the background. In late years cheesecake photography has come to include all pictures which conspicuously emphasise a woman's femininity. At this pleasant art Korman has no peer.

New Yorker

SOUTH AFRICA'S PROBLEMS

Lieutenant-Commander
HUGH LONGDEN, R.N.
who has recently returned from South Africa

FEW people in England can realise the immense problems that face the Prime Minister of the great Union of South Africa. Any man less able than General Smuts would never have survived the crisis of the war. He alone, by his tactful handling of internal affairs, has prevented revolt against the Mother Country, and now the Union is more with us than she has ever been in this war.

To take just one of the difficulties before the Union Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, there is a huge pro-German element in South Africa known as the 'Ossewabrandwag' (which, literally, means 'watchers of the Oxwaggons'). Probably about twenty-five per cent of the population are 'O.B.s'.

Smuts has handled the 'O.B.s' with firmness but with great tact—as indeed he had to in order to prevent an internal revolution. They are always causing trouble, and are ready enough to commit sabotage and create disorder.

At the beginning of the war Smuts introduced a bill withdrawing privately-owned firearms of all descriptions. Arms were only to be issued to the regular forces of the Union. The wisdom of this step is self-evident.

Quite recently, too, a law was passed forbidding members of the police force to belong to the 'O.B.s', which resulted in a big comb out. It was a very necessary and bold step.

Apart from the 'O.B.s', it must be remembered that at least forty per cent of the total population of South Africa are definitely not only anti-war but anti-British. It was only by a narrow margin of votes that the Union came into the war at all. The Prime Minister has always to consider the welfare of the coloured population and the Dutch element, as well as his allegiance to the Empire.

Whenever you read about acts of sabotage, such as the blasting of a railway, or the blowing up of a Post Office on the Rand, you can guess that the 'O.B.s' have been at work—but lately these acts have been less frequent.

It goes without saying that there is a large Fifth Column in the country, and organised espionage is practised in all the important ports, such as Durban and Cape Town. Information travels quickly via 'neutral' Lourenço Marques direct to Berlin or Vichy.

'Shamefully and traitorously gone over to the enemy.'
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL S. G. MARITZ,
Leader of the Cape revolt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maritz, who went over to the Germans of South-West Africa, with his officers and men, was in command of the Union forces in the North-West of the Cape Province. A strong force has been sent against him.

Quoted from *The Illustrated War News*, 21 October 1914

The troops and sailors in our convoys are always warned doubly to guard their tongues when approaching any South African port. The trouble is that genuine hospitality is so lavish that it is apt to loosen their tongues considerably!

It took nearly three years of the war to make the Union really war-conscious. Lately it has come very close to her doorstep. Madagascar was occupied for her protection. Meanwhile, important Allied ships were being torpedoed by submarines within 100 miles of Cape Point. It took this to make South Africa wake up.

These ships and these ports have suddenly become far more important to England than they ever were before. Since the closing of the Mediterranean the Cape route is the only one left open for us to get vital supplies and reinforcements through to Egypt and India.

South Africa herself, though always loved as a kind of glamorous-with-sunshine-and-beauty *cousin*, has now become of life-blood value to us as a *sister*.

GENERAL HERTZOG, *born 1866, died on 21 November 1942. Commanded Boer forces of South-Western division. Premier 1924–1939. Fierce anti-native. Stated 1941: 'Nazism is solution for South Africa'*

To give an example of how long it has taken South Africa to realise the war, I will tell you about a Civil Defence meeting I attended in Cape Town in April of last year to discuss the Civilian Protective Services. I attended as the Naval representative. It was presided over by the Hon. Harry Lawrence, Minister of the Interior, a personal friend of General Smuts and one of the youngest and ablest of his Ministers. (Before becoming a Minister he was a schoolmaster and then a barrister. He is clever, tough and very loyal to us, and has often been howled down and beaten up by 'O.B.s' at political meetings.)

Mr. Lawrence informed the assembly on behalf of the Prime Minister that henceforth they must now *expect* attack from sea or air, and that raiders and carriers might attack the shores of the Union at any moment. The question of blackout in ports and the *voluntary or compulsory* blackout of motor-car headlights was discussed. No proper blackout had at that time been practised, and the representative for Durban said that the Captain of one of H.M. ships had told him that the glow from the lights of Durban could clearly be seen for fifty miles to seaward!

At that time, too, private cars could show full headlights and there were no proper shelters. One member observed that shelters would only mean that white and coloured people would all herd together in the same one, and another that at the first sound of a bomb or gun the coloured population would all flee into their 'kraals' and stay put (except for the Fifth Columnists) until everything was over!

This particular C.P.S. meeting cleared the air a lot, and several resolutions were passed, including the blackout of seaports at Johannesburg at immediate notice *when necessary*, and the compulsory dimming of headlights. However, it was decided *not* to evacuate women and children from sea towns and *not* to erect special shelters.

Colonel Tommy Clapham, the head of the C.P.S. in South Africa, was to be given more *Service* helpers who would go round the country lecturing on A.R.P. and anti-gas duties. Up till then, Colonel Clapham (a veteran of the last war) had been organising the C.P.S. practically single-handed—with the moral backing of the Minister of the Interior, but little else in the way of funds or staff. It was all voluntary.

People then knew little about sirens, bombs or guns, and life went on much as in peacetime. But within the last six months all this has changed.

Everything *must* be running smoothly now or General Smuts would not have come here.

OSWALD PIROW, *leader of 'New Order Group'. Stated: 'Nazism the greatest turning-point in a thousand years.' Flagrant Fascist*

NOTICE FROM THE NEW WORLD

THE New Year opens with a serious warning from the New World to the Old. Senator Chandler, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, publishes, in the January number of the *North American Review*, a declaration in favour of the total suspension, for a year, of all immigration to the North American continent. This twelve months' barring of the gates of the New World against the overflow of the population of the Old is ostensibly advocated as the most effective method of keeping out the cholera. But the Senator frankly warns us that after the cholera has passed, the Immigrants' Gate will never again be thrown open to all comers.

WHAT MUST THE OLD WORLD DO?

THERE is nothing in Panama scandals, or in German Army Bills, or in the commotion in the Home Rule teacup, that approaches in importance this omnibus notice from the New World, that America can no longer be used as the dumping-ground for the surplus human refuse of Europe.

THE NEED FOR OUTLETS

THE French plan is to limit the family; the British is to find new homes for the redundant population beyond the sea.

AND FOR MARKETS

THE departure of Sir G. Portal and his staff for Zanzibar in their 700-mile walk through the East African coast land up to Uganda denotes a somewhat tardy awakening of the British householder to the need of keeping open as many doors as possible through which our manufactures may pass freely.

LORD ROSEBERY'S REVERSION

THAT Lord Rosebery is the natural and necessary successor of Mr. Gladstone is almost universally recognised. It is, indeed, so well recognised that even his most enthusiastic supporters can submit without impatience to a Harcourtian interregnum. It suits Sir W. Harcourt to be Premier this year. It will suit Lord Rosebery better to wait his time. In 1896 or 1897 he will be installed without opposition.

LABOUR LEGISLATION

MR. MUNDELLA is hard at work with the aid of Mr. Burt endeavouring to frame one or more practical Bills out of the recommendations of the Royal Commission of Labour, which have not yet seen the light, but which must be pretty well known to the President of the Board of Trade.

GAMBLING UP TO DATE

MR. PEARSON, of *Pearson's Weekly*, last month divided attention with the Liberator directors. Mr. Pearson is an ingenious gentleman who, having served his apprenticeship with Mr. Newnes on *Tit-Bits*, thought to go one better than his instructor, and instead of offering prizes, started a little Monte Carlo on his own account, in the shape of what are called 'Missing Word Competitions'.

Before the evil had attained such gigantic dimensions, Mr. John Hawke and the National Anti-Gambling League instituted proceedings against one of the many journals who had started similar competitions, and at last succeeded in securing a magisterial decision that the missing word competitions were illegal. Pearson's £24,000, the money of the last competition, was placed in Chancery, and the dissatisfied competitors are filling the air with their complaints.

PANAMA

THE history of France last month has been summed up in one word—Panama. There have been ministerial crises, sensational arrests, stormy scenes in the Chamber, duels, and, in short, all the effervescent symptoms of great national crisis. The month opened with the formation of a new French Cabinet under M. Ribot, with M. Bourgeois as his Minister of Justice. The new ministry came into existence to probe the Panama scandal to the bottom.

SOCIAL LIFE AFTER THE WAR
A GUESS

PERCY COLSON, the well-known author, and editor of *The Future of Faith*

'THE oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long'

said Albany in *King Lear*. It would, I think, be fairly safe to make the same prophecy today. The young may live as long, but it is very doubtful if they will see as much as we that are old have seen. I myself am nowhere near extreme old age, but I have seen the coming into general use of electric light and the telephone, the invention of submarines, motor-vehicles, wireless telegraphy, the cinema, the radio and the aeroplane; inventions which have changed the rhythm of material life more than it had previously changed since the days of Julius Cæsar. Almost the only thing that has not changed is human nature. Man remains the same kind of animal he has always been—greedy, lustful, quarrelsome, stupid, fascinating and adorable.

What sort of world will the young of today inherit from their elders who have made such a mess of things? They will certainly live far more simple lives. The agreeable, carefree existence enjoyed by their grandfathers was expensive, and there will be very few really rich people in the 'brave new world'. That pleasant round of country-house life—hunting, racing, grouse-moors and salmon-fishing, with London and its costly pleasures for a change—has gone probably for ever. Perhaps it is just as well; plain living and high thinking are doubtless better for the young—and the old too!—but it was very delightful while it lasted. 'Do not then make any mistake,' wrote Seneca. 'Money belongs to the class of desirable things.' The man who is financially secure is sure of himself and therefore at ease with his fellow-men.

I do not think there is any danger of the public schools disappearing, but they will have to become really *public*. The Headmaster of Eton told me not long ago that he thinks it very likely that the Government will subsidise the best of them to enable them to offer scholarships open to boys from the Council and secondary schools.

'Would the boys mix well?' I asked him.

'Why not,' he answered. 'Boys do not worry about class distinctions unless they are taught to do so by their elders.'

In this, perhaps, not all schoolmasters will agree with Dr. Elliott.

In any case, rigid class distinctions are gradually becoming extinct. It might almost be said that nowadays the only real social barrier is a bad accent, and when everyone receives more or less the same education, and the B.B.C. is the supreme arbiter of the pronunciation of the English language, that too will disappear. Perfect equality, however, is an ideal unobtainable in even the most perfect democracy. The aristocracy of birth will sooner or later give place to that of brains and character, and the difference between the man whose brains and character are of the first order and the average man is as great as that between the peer and peasant.

In all probability the servant class as it is known now will cease to exist. The war has taught us to do any number of things for ourselves that used to be done for us. We cheerfully—or *fairly* cheerfully—forage for food, carry it home and, as often as not, cook it. We have learnt to do without things which we used to consider the commonplaces of existence and how polite we are to the 'ladies' who, for ridiculously high wages—I beg their pardon—*salaries*—consent to '*do* for us!' It is not unlikely that colleges of service, for training and supplying domestic help, will be founded. The graduates could wear uniforms and there could be day and night staffs available. An experiment somewhat on these lines was being tried in Switzerland before the war.

It is to be hoped that in the post-war chaos of poverty, disillusion and general bitterness, the amenities of life will not be relegated to the background. It is a significant fact that notwithstanding Russia's terrible struggle for existence, she has not allowed her superb Opera and Ballet to cease functioning. This will give her a long artistic start over the rest of the world. Such fine fruits of civilisation are a

necessity to a nation if it is to remain civilised. And its natural sports are hardly less important. It would be a thousand pities if hunting and racing declined seriously for the want of money to keep them going. Hunting, for instance, gives enormous pleasure to a vast number of people besides the Masters of Hunts and their subscribers. And this is even more the case with racing. Both these sports have been subsidised by the rich and their disappearance would be nothing short of a national catastrophe. The same thing applies to opera and the Russian type of ballet, now so enormously popular. It is, for instance, only when there are enough people who can afford to pay eight guineas for a box, or thirty shillings for a stall at Covent Garden, that the ordinary opera-lover can hear the greatest singers in the world for a few shillings. And Diaghilev once said to me: 'My ballets delight all classes, but were it not for my rich supporters, it would not be possible for me to present them adequately, as your English Government is supremely indifferent to art.'

The love of pageantry is inherent in every nation and pageantry is not a feature of a too drab democracy. Alas, pageantry, like everything that gives joy and colour to life, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past!

ART FRONT

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

'Ark Royal' in action—No. 1 (officially commissioned 1940)

ERIC RAVILIOUS

ERIC RAVILIOUS, Official War Artist, reported missing from Iceland since September, was among the half-dozen best water-colour painters of the time and one of the most gifted artists of his generation. Influenced in his early work by the brothers Nash and by nineteenth-century American colour prints, he evolved, in his later drawings, a personal style of great accomplishment and purity. His pictures are remarkable for the tactful spacing and elegant structure of their design. He discovered subjects in unexpected places, painting steam-rollers, railway engines and Victorian iron beds with a technique of exquisite precision. No artist ever defined more clearly the exact frontiers of his talents or worked more strictly within them—destroying everything which fell below his own highest standards. In addition to his 150 water-colours, his superb wood-engravings and designs for Wedgwood china greatly enlarge a unique contribution to the art of the country.

It is impossible to say how posterity will judge the relative merits of our contemporaries—one can only guess. My guess is that Ravilious will win a permanent place, perhaps beside John Nash, among the lovely water-colourists of the period.

THIS SHRINKING WORLD

W. P. HILDRED, C.B., O.B.E., M.A.
Director General of Civil Aviation, Air Ministry.

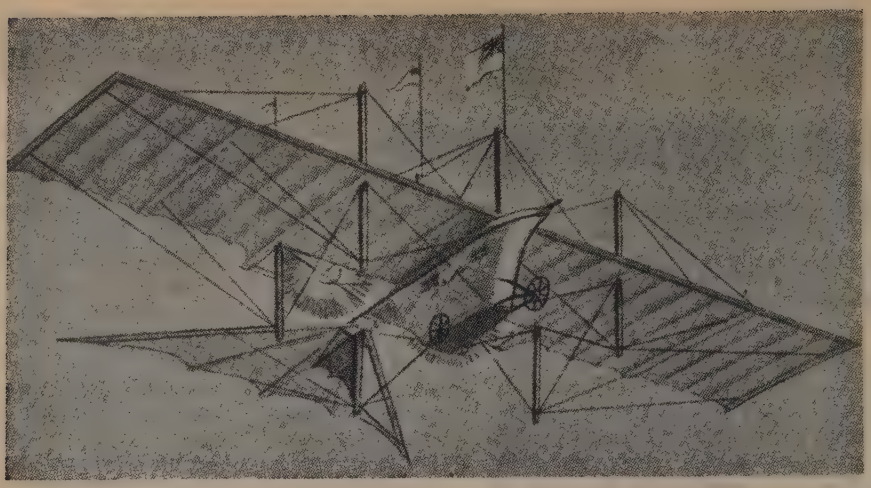
EVER since mankind started he has been slowly conquering and *expanding* his environment. At first he lived in a cave with his family. Families became tribes and a tribal civilisation under Ghengis Khan conquered nearly the whole of Asia. Then came Greek City States, the Roman Empire, and out of medieval times rose the modern world organisation of large units such as the British Empire, the United States and the U.S.S.R. Latterly, owing to revolutionary changes in transport and communication, particularly air travel and radio, man has taken further strides in this conquest, but as the result the world is now rapidly becoming *smaller*. Will this process lead on to a world State, a federal union of all nations? Wherever it leads it is remarkable and the developments of air travel and radio between two world-wars have brought about a transformation, the results of which we cannot yet measure.

In any examination of air transport, its future and its social consequences, three points arise which have been made in previous articles in this series. The first, Herbert Read's question whether there is a common factor behind contemporary manifestations of thought and life, requires a deep philosophical inquiry. There undoubtedly has been a wide and rapid transformation in many aspects of life, not least in this shrinking of the world we live in. Another point is Read's reference to those who assert that progress in science has been offset by a cultural decline; that each degree of intellectual satisfaction, wrought by scientific progress, involves an equal diminution of spiritual strength; and the third is Professor Bernal's reference to the team work involved in modern science which is, he suggests, an industry now, rather than a series of individual attacks upon unrelated problems.

Aviation is apt to be regarded by those who are too preoccupied by the trees to see the wood, as a technical development separate and distinct from other developments in the field of applied science. But it is not separate. It is equally erroneous to separate the social consequences of aviation, not yet studied, from the social consequences of technical progress in general. Bernal points out that recent advances in science, such as the quantum theory, have obliged scientists to adopt new mental attitudes which involve a break with accepted traditions of thought, which involve what seem to the ordinary man to be absurdities and contradictions, which show up common sense to be nothing but a crude human tool suitable only for a simple life. Aviation, as a symbol of modern scientific progress, is a rich exemplar of the truth of all these statements—its challenge to the laws of gravity and its apparent disregard of space and time. To make an aircraft with an all-up weight of 60,000 lb. rise into the air in a matter of seconds and fly 2,000 miles across the Atlantic in what appears to be nearly no time at all is a comprehensive flouting of simple conventions.

As to scientific team work, powered flight was made possible not by any single discovery in the field of aerodynamics, but only when a certain technical level had been reached in the development of power plants and structures. It owed much to the development of the internal-combustion engine. A modern aircraft is a miracle of aerodynamic research which in turn has drawn its technique from the field of mathematics and physics; and air transport as a whole gives a good example of the inter-relation of technical development in various fields. Look for a moment at the several activities which go to make up the general activity called Civil Aviation or modern air transport.

Administratively, the Air Ministry has to watch, if not control, the operation of air services, external and internal, managed by the operating companies; the design and construction of aircraft, engines, instruments and equipment, the investigation of accidents; the preparation of regulations and safety devices; the conduct of research and development; the handling of questions of international law; the supervision of education and training; problems of finance, aviation economics, and statistics. In so doing it



1843–1943. One hundred years of progress in civil aviation. Henson's proposed aerial steam carriage, 1843

is brought into close contact with a host of government departments in this country, notably the Ministry of Aircraft Production, with the Dominions, the operating companies, representatives of foreign governments, of municipalities, chambers of commerce, aerodrome owners, private aircraft owners, aircraft constructors, engine and accessory constructors, flying training schools, technical colleges, the Royal Aeronautical Society, pilots' associations, guilds, trade unions, and the like.

Research and development flow from the investigations of the state experimental establishments, of the leading aircraft constructors, operators, and of research workers at universities. Design and construction are carried out by the aircraft constructors, who rely on materials and equipment supplied by other industries, who are dependent in turn on research in other fields; for example, modern high duty alloys. Management is the responsibility of the operating companies. Finance in general is provided either by the state or by private ownership; and safety and regularity of operation depend on the efficient maintenance of aircraft of suitable design, adequate training of pilots and crews, and the provision of adequate ground organisation and facilities. Ground organisation again comes from several sources. Aerodromes are provided either by the State or by local authorities. The State, not only in this country, but generally, provides the traffic control organisation, radio facilities, meteorological information and other aerodrome and airway facilities. Technical developments in ground organisation are due to developments in the fields of civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering; and so far as meteorology is concerned, in the field of applied physics. Bernal is right when he says the old isolation of the scientist is breaking down and that team work is taking the place of individual and competitive attack on problems.

As compared with other forms of transport, the aircraft's most novel characteristics are its speed, and its capacity for getting off the ground. These are the factors which make the world shrink. In the past, developments in transport and communications have created special social structures and have given rise to special social problems. The rise of Venice, the Hansa towns, the slave trade, ribbon development and road casualties readily occur to the mind. Air transport has created and will create a number of social problems by virtue of its speed. The conquest of the air has made the world a smaller place to live in. In the Crusades it took a soldier a year to reach the Holy Land. Today Cairo can be reached in ten hours by air. During 1938 only three millions, out of the two thousand million inhabitants of the world travelled by air. Powered flight is, after all, of very recent origin. The Wright Brothers made the first flight with a heavier-than-air machine only 39 years ago, on the 17 December 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Just before the war flying-boats of Imperial Airways flew from London to Durban in 115 hours, 7,260 miles at an average over-all speed of 62 miles an hour. They flew from London to Sydney, 12,962 miles in 227 hours, giving an over-all average of 57 miles an hour.

As to future speeds in the air it is not easy to speculate. The last 20 years have not seen a continuous development in design. The most revolutionary changes took place between 1930 and 1933 when it became possible to incorporate certain developments in standard transport aircraft. I refer to stressed skin construction, variable pitch propellers, flaps, improvements in

The aeroplane of the Wright brothers. First flight of a power-driven controlled aeroplane, 17 December 1903

wing sections, retractable undercarriages, and the Townend ring to reduce drag. The development of blind flying instruments about this time improved the safety and regularity of air services. In considering speed one must distinguish between the maximum speed of a given aircraft and the optimum speed at which that aircraft can take a man several thousand miles. It is the over-all speed of the journey that counts and this depends partly on the aircraft's speed, partly on its range (for range cuts out stops), and largely on the ground organisation; and the latter is perhaps the most important. When Imperial Airways flew between London and Durban in 1939, the flying-boat's cruising speed was 140 miles an hour, and the journey took 115 hours. More than half the time was spent on the ground and the average journey speed was 62 miles an hour. The Wright brothers' machine cruised at 31 miles an hour. It will be possible after the war to reduce the journey time from London to Sydney to 62 hours of which 10 hours will be spent on the ground, as opposed to the 1939 figure of 227 hours of which 110 were spent on the ground.

We cannot expect continuous development of aircraft speeds. Generally speaking, the drag of an aircraft increases in the ratio of the square of its speed. Other things being equal, to increase the speed of a given aircraft from 200 to 400 miles an hour requires an eightfold increase in the horse-power of its engines. Where the speed of stream-lined aircraft through the air approaches that of sound (say, 740 miles an hour at ground level), the drag coefficient rises even more rapidly. And the extra bit of speed will be as difficult to get as the extra half-knot out of a surface vessel. Looking at civil air transport needs with an eye on payload and economical running, it does not appear likely that speeds in excess of 400 miles per hour will be reached in the near future. Higher speeds will be possible, but only by sacrifice of range, useful load and of good landing and take-off properties. Even so, it is within our present capacity to bring London within 10 hours of Cairo, within 30 hours of Calcutta, 60 hours of Sydney, 35 hours of Cape Town and 25 hours of New York.

The conquest of the air gives intellectual satisfaction. Does it involve, as Read suggested it might, a like decline of spiritual strength? Fortunately, our statesmen and politicians are partaking of this refreshing draught and sampling for themselves the new power. Much will turn on the sort of man the air brings forth. Let us look at the men who have to do with the air. Not a word too much has been said of the quality of the pilots in the Royal Air Force. Much the same can fairly be said of the pilots on the civil air lines, as the R.A.F. is first to acknowledge. About them one can only say that they are dedicated men. They are resourceful, well disciplined and temperate. It is an experience to see them wresting achievement out of a refractory environment, forming judgments upon slender information and then backing their judgment. I have watched them in different parts of the world going over the weather charts with the meteorological staff. Information from here and there is plotted; and on the strength, in these days of comparative radio silence, of very meagre information, a forecast is hammered out of the weather for a few hours ahead. The pilot will examine and discuss the weather chart for an hour or two and the decision rests with him. It is not an easy decision with several lives and valuable equipment at stake. The captain of the aircraft on the last occasion when I crossed the Atlantic decided that he would fly at about such and such a height for about three hours and would then expect a cold front which he would overfly;

First transatlantic flight. The Vickers Vimy machine in which Sir John Alcock, and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown flew the Atlantic on 15 June 1919

that would involve flying up to so and so or thereabouts. And precisely this happened. The cold front which would have led to icing was met after three hours flying and up we went to so and so. Unlike a ship, an aeroplane cannot stand still in fog or bad weather and a decision once made as regards a long flight requires determination to carry it through. Unlike the R.A.F. pilot, the civil air line operator's job is to get his passengers through, if possible, without discomfort and not to hazard his ship. Civil pilots are not lacking in spiritual strength and their contact with the air evokes the right qualities. But that does not imply that they would necessarily be enraptured by a surrealist painting or by modern atonal music.

As to passengers, I would say this. If one decides to go on foot from Langdale Pikes to Ambleside one learns to know the country. The movement is slow; it is due to one's own efforts; one sees the trees against the skyline; leans against a gate, and sees the sheep tracks; feels the sun and the rain, raises a thirst, and quenches it at some sheltered inn. In short, one inherits the earth. But in an aircraft it is different. Within a moment of taking off the earth has become a toy and the movements upon it have a trivial and infantile appearance. From a height the earth is merely a flattened-out map; mountainous country looks impersonal and there is no grandeur left in the height of the rocks. The beauty is in the sky, the clouds, the sun, the shadows on the earth, the colour scheme, glimpses of distant blue water, impressions of dark green forests whispering to themselves. Height reduces everything to a dead level, a two-dimensional flat. Travelling over cloud gives no impression of movement. Out of the window one sees a white satin eiderdown of cloud, made by God ten minutes back, without a speck of dust, without a bird, with no sign of life, no horizon, no movement. Apart from the noise, there is nothing to warn the senses of any movement, for the modern aircraft has practically no vibration. Above is a bowl of blue sky and somewhere the sun. Even when one comes down for refuelling there is no sense of getting to know the place at which one touches down. The absence of physical effort keeps things on an impersonal level.

Flying affects one's mental attitude also. For example, sitting at a desk and examining the design of a new runway, it is easy to match its proposed width against the estimated cost, and to decide that it might well be forty feet less wide, thus saving the taxpayer so many pounds. It is different when one approaches that runway after twelve hours flying and sees it first like a piece of white thread picked out in the surrounding grey. When one reflects that the pilot proposes to land on that piece of thread, the financial considerations which seemed so proper somehow lose their

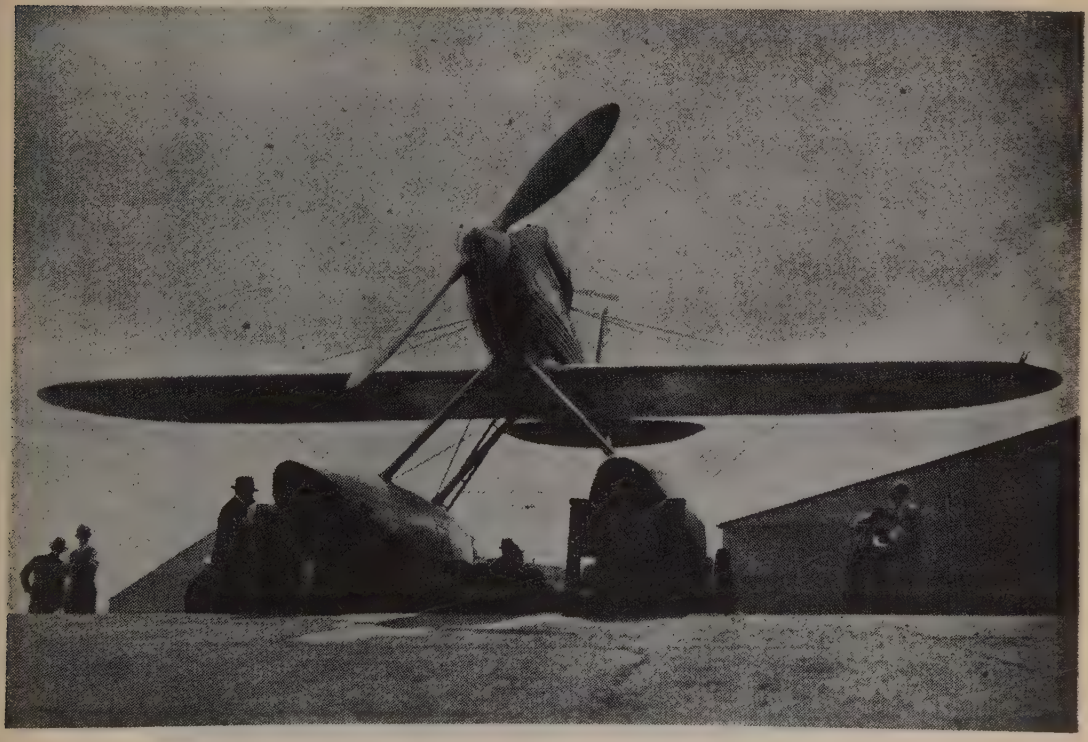
force, and the benefits of generous width show virtues not apparent from the ground. It is only in the air that one realises what an act of faith it is to put oneself in the hands of 2,000 men one has never seen, to rely on their standards of workmanship, to know that each rivet, each joint, each piece of wiring has been well done, and that the air traffic control officers in the airport control know their job. At such an altitude one feels that the labourer is worthy of his hire, whether he be fitter, rigger, supervisor, control officer. Muzzle not the ox which treadeth out the corn.

Behind the impersonal element most people are fascinated by air travel. Some few, but only a few, dislike it. The other day I stood talking to a man who was holding his despatch case, hat, and gloves, whilst they put on his 'Mae West' and his parachute harness. He said, somewhat helplessly, 'This is my seventh trans-Atlantic crossing, and when this war is over, if I am alive, by heaven I will never fly again.' He is in a minority.

The conquest of the air is a victory over environment but the people of the air do not shoot a line. They give the impression that it is all very simple. An example of that was when I flew over the Rockies from Lethbridge to Vancouver in a Lodestar belonging to that great airway, Trans-Canada Airlines. The pilot and co-pilot were quiet young men who gave the impression that whilst they had done this many times before, they were going to enjoy it again; the stewardess gave a like impression. She was not a person embarking on a dangerous venture, but a cool and equable trained nurse who, in addition to other duties, served a meal whilst we were going over the top of the ridge. When she went forward to the cockpit to check up on the estimated time of arrival with the pilot, they looked more like three delightful children at a party than three trained minds taking a load of passengers and mail over a mountain range.

It is certain that mankind will make full use, for business, for pleasure, for holiday, for health, for politics, for education, of the advantages which air travel brings. One of the consequences will be to bring people together so that they will know each other better and appreciate each others problems with greater sympathy. Years ago I heard Walter Elliot say he would be willing to spend a quarter of a million pounds on an interchange scheme for teachers and students amongst the various countries of the Empire. I thought he was mad. Today I know he was sane. If people all over the world use air transport as they undoubtedly will, for presenting the world to the

The beauty of aerodynamic design. The Vickers Supermarine, S 6

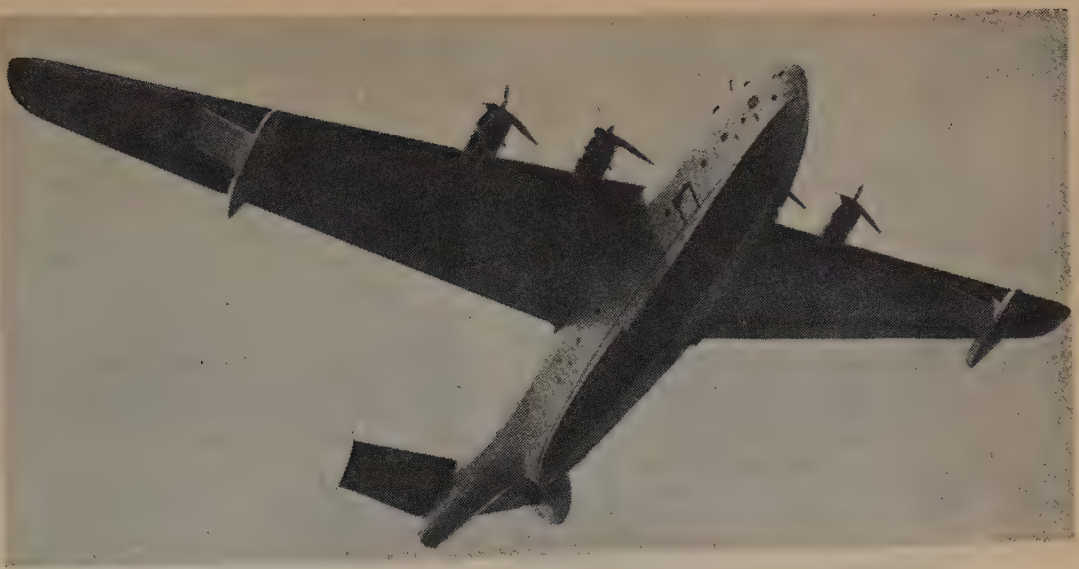


world, we have in that development alone a guarantee of peace. An impulse to friendship cannot be taken too far and one of its consequences may be the banishment of war.

It is not the purpose of this article to talk about what Civil Aviation is doing during the present war; or to speculate too closely about post-war political developments. But any Imperial policy for air transport must dovetail into world policy, and the potentialities of the air, rather than purely political considerations, will force us to plan our policy on a world-wide scale. The possibilities of the air as a medium for waging war will always remain in the minds of statesmen. But subject to that, there is likely to be a demand that the air should be free and fully used; that backyard flying rights should give way to a policy of the open sky. Progress in aviation has been stayed during the last twenty years by the insistence of countries great and small on their right of sovereignty over the air space above their several territories; and a reaction from that is only to be expected.

We shall finish this war with numbers of heavy aircraft, pilots, engineers, ground organisers, and one of the important points in future planning must be to try and secure good work for them to do. Whether the air is to be free or not is only one question, though an important one. Whether the world will so develop air transport as to make good use of as many as possible of the trained personnel of this war is another one no less important. The development of air transport presents us with many problems. The future administrative control, both nationally and internationally, the relation between military and civil transport, the planning of new air routes, the selection of operating companies, the selection, control and maintenance of suitable airports and seaplane bases, the development of ground organisation, the development of suitable types of aircraft for long distance, for internal use, for mail carriage and for freight, the readiness to regard each new design as rapidly obsolescent, the development of new power units, the building up of intelligent costings systems, the problem of training crews and other personnel, the relation of air with other forms of long distance transport, the problem of ready access to trains from airports, the many problems of private flying, the possibility of using gliders for the carriage of freight, developments in meteorology, the use of radio devices, the avoidance of accidents—these are only a few of the questions which call for examination and solution at the proper time. Of all the inventions conceived by man, the aircraft is at once the most beneficent and the most maleficent. Properly used, it is capable of bringing new standards of life; improperly used, most capable of bringing misery, destruction and brutality. It is significant that the wartime use of the air has intensified research and development to such an extent, for example, in radio, that civil air transport after the war will be capable of regularity of schedule and safety of operation in bad weather, to an extent which, but for the war, would not have been achieved for years. The world's handling of the air will

1939. Interior of a transatlantic passenger aircraft. Note spacious and comfortable surroundings



1943. The Mars, the largest flying boat in the world, weighing over 60 tons

be the acid test of the world's desire after the war to live a different and freer life, and to achieve those higher standards of living which modern research and development make possible.

When motor-cars first took the road they were the preserve of the rich, and there was no indication at the outset that the time would come when manual workers would have their own cars, and bring the countryside to their children. There have been more picnics in the New Forest in the last twenty years than in all the hundreds of years during which it has stood in its beauty on the South Coast. This financial development may be repeated in the case of the aeroplane. Just as the motor-car came down through various income levels until it became everybody's chattel, so we must strive that air travel shall come within the reach of all.

This can be brought about in one of two ways. We can embark upon an outburst of unrestricted competition, all countries trying to cut in on the better-paying routes, a battle of throat-cutting, followed by bankruptcies, depreciation of equipment, skimping of ground organisation, increased accident rates, and then the survival of the fittest after an exhausting battle. Or we can try to have a decent orderly plan covering the main routes, with conferences, working out schedules, passenger fares, special fares for special purposes, freight charges, insurance rates, on a reasonable basis with State funds providing the vital ground organisation. At present, in the midst of war, it is not possible to plan an organisation of world air routes. We don't know, for example, whether the defeated countries will, for some time to come at any rate, have any air at all. We do not know what views the Armistice Governments of the various powers will develop. It is only possible to say that there will be plenty of aircraft, though not at first ideally suitable, many magnificent airports in most parts of the world that matter, abundant supplies of pilots and skilled personnel and a terrific head of steam on the part of most people to get about and see the world, if only they can afford it. And it will be for those who are responsible for the administration of the air to direct that head of steam into proper channels; and to take the opportunity of making the air an instrument of enduring peace. The world is shrinking; and a great power of spreading enlightenment (or evil) has been placed in our hands. The future happiness of mankind depends on how that power is used.

Previous articles in this series:—1941, *June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D.*

1942, *January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'The Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther; April, 'Exploring the Unseeable' by J. G. Crowther; May, 'The New Politics' by Dr. F. Borkenau; July, 'Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society' by Dr. Karl Mannheim; August, 'The Future of Sociology' by Lewis Mumford; October, 'The Revolution in Education' by Dr. C. D. Darlington, F.R.S.; December, 'The Revolution in Economics' by Thomas Balogh.*

WE MUST NOT KOWTOW

GEORGE EDINGER

A SHORT time ago Dr. George Yeh, who has recently arrived from Chungking to join the Chinese Embassy in London, was pleading with a fairly distinguished British audience for a little more toleration and understanding of the Chinese point of view.

As an instance in which the Chinese point of view had been fatally misunderstood by Englishmen, Dr. Yeh told the story of Lord Macartney, one of our first Ambassadors to China, whose well-meant mission ended so ineffectively at the end of the eighteenth century.

And all, as Dr. Yeh reminded us, because of some silly business about a kowtow. The Manchu Emperor insisted that Lord Macartney should kowtow on both knees, and his Lordship would only kneel on one.

Now, surely, Dr. Yeh pleaded, this was not unreasonable? All the Chinese nobles were wont to kowtow on both knees. It was not unnatural for the Emperor to ask the same token of courtesy from a visiting Ambassador.

And how much better for both peoples if Lord Macartney had only understood the manners and outlook of the Manchu Court of China!

This was a well-chosen case to cite.

For it would equally have saved much trouble if the Court of China had understood the point of view of Lord Macartney. But this was so far from happening that, even after the lapse of two hundred years, a great scholar and gentleman like Dr. Yeh, as good and loyal a friend as we have in China, is so far from understanding it that he spoke as though Lord Macartney (who was, after all, a predecessor of Dr. Yeh himself in the quest of Anglo-Chinese friendship) was moved by nothing but a selfish pique.

Maybe there *is* little in a kowtow.

There is little, for that matter, in a Heil-Hitler, arm-raised Nazi salute. Yet I venture to think that there are Englishmen, aye and Chinese also, who, for all the claims of international friendship, would shrink from giving it.

The kowtow is a symbol of abasement and Lord Macartney was the representative, the personification of H.M. King George III; and had he kowtowed on both knees, he would have symbolised the submission of his Sovereign to the Ruler of China; conveyed that the King of England sought, not for the friendship of a fellow Sovereign, but for the gracious attention of an overlord.

And to have started Anglo-Chinese relations with that misunderstanding would have ensured disaster from the outset. But it is hardly astonishing that Dr. Yeh did not realise all this. For a mistaken idea of politeness stopped his audience explaining it to him. So, the misapprehension on both sides is still as great as it was when Lord Macartney turned away, baffled, from Peking.

There lies the curse of courtesy!

Diplomats, Foreign Offices, the British Council, all hyper-polite seekers after international understanding, imagine that the art of making other peoples sympathetic is to avoid saying anything likely to offend. So they keep back the real things that stop us understanding each other.

And it is not enough for us to understand China, or Russia or America. They have got to understand us, too. And how are they ever to do that if we are going to be too polite to explain ourselves. There is between us and our American cousins, for instance, a little matter that goes back to the year 1776.

Now to listen to professional friends of the United States, our Public Men, the B.B.C., you would imagine that we all think our ancestors were very stupid, obstinate people who sent a lot of Hessian mercenaries to tame their kith and kin in the American Colonies who had arisen in virtuous indignation against the intolerable injustices put upon them by the mother country. This is nonsense.

Out of every ten Englishmen who know anything about it, nine are convinced that it was neither unjust nor unreasonable for the Americans to be asked to contribute to the heavy cost of their own defence against the French and Indians. Even the tenth, if he knows any history, is aware that the British Armies were largely composed of American Loyalist Volunteers, whereas their opponents were bolstered with a French Army and a Spanish Fleet and owed their strategy to a staff officer of the King of Prussia.

Now I do not want to be misunderstood.

That is not probably the whole truth. I look forward to the day when an informed American will put the Washington case to me with equal frankness. But, in the meantime, I am quite sure that there is going to be no real Anglo-American understanding so long as Official Quarters furnish us with apologists instead of interpreters, and British opinion is irritated at the putting out, by Englishmen, of facts they know to be distorted and opinions they feel to be untrue.

Let the Americans, let the Chinese, let the Russians put their case. It is their duty to their countries and to us. But, equally, let us put our own, since that is our duty to our country and to them. We shall not reach understanding by abasement and I, like Lord Macartney, decline to kowtow.

Any kind of kowtow (I use the term in its widest symbolic sense) is misleading when made on behalf of a proud nation. That is why it is unfair to the very people it is intended to placate. Far from contributing to friendship and understanding among self-respecting human beings, it usually ends by destroying such friendship and understanding as already exist. Take, for instance, the case of Russia and ourselves.

Anglo-Russian friendship today rests on such a firm basis of mutual respect for each other's fighting men that it would probably be impossible to upset it. And yet there were blunderers in this country who, by persistently vitiating the expression of their respect for Russia by derogatory comparisons with their own country, actually managed to make many Englishmen annoyed, not only with themselves, which did not matter, but with Russia, which did.

Those were the people who were so humourless as to range themselves alongside the very body that lately denounced this war as Imperialist and organised a People's Convention to oppose it, an ill-conceived campaign to make the Government open a Second Front in Europe.

It is amazing, but they did not see how the case for a Second Front, so fascinating when debated by active soldiers, is just nauseating when advocated by people like reserved shop stewards and journalists unfit for military service.

There was, at one moment, a real danger that a hasty judgment might confound Russia with her self-styled friends; might lump the people who were doing the shooting at Stalingrad with those doing the shouting in Trafalgar Square.

Luckily we were saved by that native sense of humour which impelled the North Countrymen to scrawl over the 'Open a Second Front Now' notices the footnote: 'But please remember that we are reserved, Mr. Bevin!'

Even so, the Second Front advocates did more to damage Anglo-Russian friendship than Hitler's propaganda. They set many British people, who would never have dreamed of discussing Russia save to praise her, saying that Russia never opened a Second Front in the Dunkirk days; that, if a Second Front started anywhere, the place for it was somewhere between Vladivostok and the Islands of Japan, and that Russia did not come freely into the war but was kicked in.

All this was unfair, but it was no less inevitable from a people caught on the raw and annoyed to hear their own efforts traduced by foreigners or their foolish friends.

Just because we are such a difficult people to understand, it is essential that we should not make things harder for our Allies by our national reluctance to express our true feelings.

We will put up with an indefinite amount of lecturing and we will say nothing.

But the effect of it will only be to stiffen our tempers, to make us more obstinate, more reluctant even to rectify such abuses as do undoubtedly exist in various parts of our Empire. On the other hand, we criticise ourselves very freely among ourselves and that criticism is healthy since it often leads to reforms. But it will stop at once the moment we are lectured either by or from foreign Powers, or people connected as closely with foreign Powers as the Communist Party of Great Britain or the British Union of Fascists.

Unfortunately, however, our critics are not all well intentioned but ignorant, earnest foreigners.

At the other end of the scale there are really kindly critics of the British Empire of the status of Mr. Willkie, men and women genuinely trying to do good, who only manage to set back the causes they have at heart. There is one instinctive reaction which sometimes succeeds.

When Mr. Harold Nicolson was lecturing in the United States recently, somebody asked him to give his views on the Indian question. Blandly Mr. Nicolson inquired: 'Do you mean the Red Indian question?' And because the audience was American, they just sat back and roared with laughter at themselves before breaking into round after round of frantic applause.

That was a good example of how you can further international friendship by a happy comeback. But you must handle such approach so

delicately and good-humouredly that more often it is better avoided.

True, if Mr. Wendell Willkie, for instance, could be humorously reminded of the status of the Negro, south of the Mason-Dixie line; of the behaviour of Governor Talmadge in Georgia, the dispatch to Nicaragua of American Marines, or the circumstances in which the United States acquired the Californias he would probably laugh off the whole thing, India included. And yet probably the most unfortunate aspect of Mr.Willkie's pronouncements is that they make one think out such unprofitable *tu quoques* which normally would not occur to an Englishman.

For one thing they have to be put with good humour to be effective, and since Wendell Willkie is a very high-minded and generous man, subjects like the Southern Negro, or the U.S. seizure of the Californias would not strike him as being at all humorous. For another, whenever you feel like saying something against Americans, it is best to wait for them to say it themselves.

They will.

For it is the supreme virtue of American Democracy that it can see and laugh at its shortcomings more readily perhaps than we can see and laugh at our own. There is no point that an Englishman could make in answer to an American thrust at Britain but some American will get up sooner or later and make it very much better.

No, our duty to the American people as to the other peoples with whom we are united in a splendid opportunity is to tell them the truth about ourselves and our Empire as we see it. It is time we started to do so before the 'Intellectuals' do infinite damage by misrepresenting us. And we make no apology for ourselves.

We should point out that, for all the disadvantages that the Indian and other Asiatic peoples may suffer under British Rule, their condition compares most favourably with that of any Asiatic people under Native Rule, or even, if we are to believe the unanimous testimony of all travellers, with their own condition prior to the British connection. That, however black our Colonial record may have been, it was Britain that first ended slavery in her Dominions a good thirty years before Lincoln thrilled the world at Gettysburg . . . that it was Britain that gave freedom to the South Africans, immediately after victory, and that men like General Smuts, who once fought most bitterly against her, have been her most ardent champions in the hour of peril.

Of an Empire that unites a quarter of the world and holds it with something like a hundred thousand men there must logically be more to be said in favour than against.

And perhaps the greatest thing in favour is that had it been indeed split up into all the component and probably warring parts that the purists would like to see, the swastika might well be floating today over the Woolworth Building and the Rising Sun over the Golden Gate, and all the most strident advocates of the Second Front behind barbed wire guarded by Storm Troopers.

For it is scarcely credible that any smaller unit would have gone forth alone to challenge the advance of Fascism: or withstood it when all Allies had broken.

Whatever the nations raging furiously together or more likely apart may in future allege against us, we shall always be able to remind them, if we care to do so, that it is thanks to the British Empire that they still exist. Nobody else, not Russia certainly: not America even, directly, declared war for a principle against the Axis.

France did, but France did not stay the pace for long. To sit back and say this to our critics would be very human. But we have a greater duty to the United Nations and to the world.

We have to perform the service that Dr. Yeh called us to perform; to understand each other's point of view. And, in order to do so, we must give the other peoples every chance to understand our own. And here paradoxically our worst critics have been our best friends. It was they who made us understand the case for Britain which we have got to put.

Till they arraigned us, too many were blind.

Too many, especially on the Left, were wont to accept and even reiterate the charges which, had we accepted them much longer, might have dissolved the only force strong enough to save not Europe but the World, not only by her example but by her efforts.

That danger the critics removed. The charges of foreigners have silenced the charges of Englishmen. Today it is from the Left that the Prime Minister should find his warmest applause when he says that what we have we hold, since it is the Left that has always emphasised the need for nations to understand each other.

But Left or Right or Centre, having been woken by the gadflies to the iron case for a strong British Empire, we are at last equipped to put it concisely to the peoples of thirty United Nations as a solid contribution to international understanding in the world of tomorrow.

A CULTURAL UNION HAS BEEN FORMED

PROFESSOR DENIS SAURAT

Professor of French Language and Literature in the University of London, King's College, and Director of the French Institute in London. Has supported the Democratic Cause through the darkest days

On 10 September 1942, there was created, in London, a Cultural Union of the countries of Western Europe by an Assembly of people called together on the initiative of a few persons belonging to Holland, France, Italy, Catalonia, the Basque country and Spain proper. They came in answer to an appeal issued by myself.

My appeal was in these terms:

A Scheme for the formation of a CULTURAL UNION OF THE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE.

I. AIMS

A group of literary men, artists, professors, etc., has been formed to try and collaborate on the spiritual plane to the formation of post-war Europe. Political problems proper arise in a very special way, and competent statesmen alone can solve them; but political solutions are based on certain realities of which one of the first is the reality of the spiritual needs of the nations concerned. The educated public, to a certain extent, and behind this public the people as a whole command political action.

Western Europe, from Holland in the north to Portugal in the south-west and Italy in the south-east, is populated by men and women who will have, after the war in which the Germans have, in fact, dominated them, very special problems common to them all to solve. These problems will be different from those that will arise on the one side for the British Empire and on the other side for the peoples of Eastern Europe. Moreover, the triangle of civilisation—Amsterdam, Lisbon, Naples—of which the spiritual corners are Rembrandt, Camoens, Vico, is a cultural unit which should attain consciousness of itself as a unit. Such will be our first aim; if a true collaboration can be made effective among all these peoples, their importance will be increased.

Within this triangle exist countries of a very different status, of which many have suffered owing to a relatively weak position due to the constitution of the great modern States. Our second aim will be to help all the countries of Western Europe to develop their culture, or even to resuscitate it. In this way our spiritual unity will be made up of the free collaboration of peoples of very varied cultures. While tending to create unity, we wish at the same time to encourage a rich and strong diversity. The elements of this diversity exist everywhere, but up to the present are not sufficiently developed because each one is isolated; by constituting themselves into a group, such elements will learn to know each other and to help each other, and will increase their effective action and their chances of survival.

We recognise, as a common basis for Western Europe, the democratic traditions based on the liberties of the individual and the strength of the family—and Christian traditions—without any consideration of either orthodox religion or any special political form.

II. FOUNDATION OF A CULTURAL INSTITUTE OF WESTERN EUROPE

Paris is naturally the centre of the cultural triangle—Amsterdam, Lisbon, Naples; Paris is, besides, the centre where the educated public from the whole world has always gathered its information.

It is proposed to found, in Paris, an Institute of Western Europe.

Whereas a university proper takes as its aim research and teaching and the production of experts in all modern specialities, the 'Institut Occidental' will have in view a spiritual aim: the constitution of Western Europe as a spiritual unit. It is intended to found two kinds of chair in the 'Institut Occidental'. First of all, chairs representing the various countries participating, to which will be called men of letters, professors, artists from each of these countries, so as to bring before a world-wide public the culture of those countries. This should be created, first, chairs representing Holland, Flanders, Brittany, Provence, Alsace, Catalonia, the Basque countries, Florence, Rome, Naples, Portugal, Spain generally, Switzerland, etc., according to recognised needs.

In the second place, there should be created Union Chairs, the holders of which shall endeavour to work out and explain the principles of the democratic and the Christian tradition, which are held in common by all the countries of this cultural triangle.

But this Western Centre would remain sterile were it not nourished by centres instituted in each country. Consequently, there should be created, in each one of the participating regions, similar institutions, also endowed with two kinds of chairs: one dealing with literature, archæology and the local culture, and the Union Chairs to explain to the people in each country its solidarity with the other countries in the same group.

London, 28 *August* 1942

From this first circular arose the important question of the way in which the British Empire could be represented in such a Union of Western Europe. It is easy to understand that Great Britain and Ireland, culturally, form part of Western Europe. But, on the other hand, will not their special cultural ties with the Empire and with America somehow get in the way?

This is a good example of the two different ways of approach: the cultural and the political. If we remember that we are on cultural ground, there is no difficulty. There can be no objection to the various parts of the United Kingdom being represented in a cultural association of Western Europe and the same countries being also parts of either an Empire Cultural Union or an Anglo-Saxon Cultural Union. On the contrary, the fact that the countries of the United Kingdom would be in touch with two such Unions would be an advantage.

At the meeting called for 8 October 1942, to agree on a general Declaration of principles and policy, it was decided that, should sufficient interest be shown by the public in Great Britain (as it was obviously going to be, owing to an article on the subject published in the *Observer* of 27 September), one or several groups should be created as constituent parts of the Western European group.

A Statement of Aims was drawn up and unanimously accepted by this meeting as follows:

CULTURAL UNION OF THE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE

I. Under the title of CULTURAL UNION OF THE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE is formed a group of people belonging to the various countries situated between Germany, the North Sea, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, with the aim of vivifying the various cultures within this zone, and of consolidating their elements of spiritual community, especially the respect of the human person and of freely accepted laws which characterise Greek civilisation and the Christian ideal.

II. *Europe* should be constituted into an organic whole, that is to say, made up of cultural units working together for their common good and the good of the world:

(1) modern States are units which can only prosper if Europe is organised as a whole;

(2) States contain in their turn units, for instance, like Brittany, Alsace, Flanders or nationalities like Catalonia and the Basque country, which should be put in a position to develop by collaborating among themselves and with the States;

(3) a double problem must be faced: the life of the various parts has to be stimulated; harmony is to be established in the whole;

(4) the elements of the solution must be found in the spiritual and cultural domain, since lasting solutions in the political, economic and social fields can only be found when a spiritual entente is already in being, and are only possible when based on spiritual and cultural realities;

(5) problems vary in the various regions of the world and of Europe, and the proper method to be followed consists in studying in the first place the problems of each region—with the help of every person or organisation of goodwill in the whole world—then the questions which concern

Europe as a whole, and then those that concern the world as a whole.

III. The practical methods to be followed shall be investigated especially on the following points:

(1) the creation of a Central Institute and of Institutes of the various countries;
(2) the creation of special groups of friends of Cultural Union in each country concerned;
(3) the creation of groups of Cultural Union throughout the World;
(4) the creation of a Revue, the study of means of propaganda, etc.

As an immediate consequence of the resolution passed under III (3), it was decided to appeal at once for the formation of friendly groups in the U.S.A., in the South American countries, and in Eastern Europe.

A Committee was formed under my Chairmanship, with the following members:

alsacien:	Commandant SCHAEFFER, member of the Fighting French Forces, Archæologist, Leader of the Ras Shamra Excavations in Northern Syria.
anglais:	Mr. CHARLES MORGAN.
basque:	Monsieur de LIZASO.
belge:	Monsieur PAUL WEYEMBERG, President of the Belgian Legion of Ex-soldiers.
breton:	Général SICÉ, of the Fighting French Forces.
catalan:	Monsieur BATISTA I ROCA, Novelist and Poet.
écossais:	Mr. F. G. SCOTT, composer.
espagnol:	Professor PORTILLO.
flamand:	Professor EMILE CAMMAERTS.
français:	M. PAUL ANTIER, député de la Haute-Loire.
gallois:	To be announced later.
hollandais:	Professor VERAART.
italien:	Professor CRESPI.
provençal:	M. FÉLIX GOUIN, député des Bouches-du-Rhône.
suisse:	Rev. PRADERVAND.

To these are added representatives of friendly groups: Mrs. Jessie Forsyth Andrews, Mr. Mallory Browne for America, Dr. Crnjanski for the Yugoslavs, Colonel Mavrodi for Eastern Europe generally, and more groups are in process of formation.

It was considered a unique opportunity that, owing to the circumstances of this war, so many important personalities from so many nations were present at the same time in London, and it was hoped that the foundation of the Cultural Union, in London, at this time would serve as a starting-point for spreading its activities to the various countries within the area it covered, since at the end of the war the Union thus constituted would find itself with representatives already fully active in each of the countries to which they would return. In no other circumstances, probably, would it have been possible to call together such a gathering since, normally, each of its members would have been too busy far away from most of the others. A basis of future unity among the Allies is thus solidly constructed.

That it is only a basis is fully realised, since mere chance or Providence has brought all those people to London. They are not, any of them, empowered to represent any governments or institutions now working. Their first task on the establishment of peace or the evacuation of their countries will be to communicate in each case with the properly constituted authorities in governments, universities, leagues, etc., so as to bring their scheme within the realm of practical achievement. But it can be said that already they are representative of a body of opinion both within their own countries, and in the world at large, which will make itself felt as a powerful influence. It is to be expected, for instance, that each of the governments and each of the universities concerned, or again each of the regional groups in existence, will welcome this new effort that will give reality to many deeply rooted aspirations so far partly, or largely, ineffective. The originality and possible efficiency of the movement lies in the bringing together of two ideas which have been long in existence but can only be really effective when they become united. One is the idea of the supremacy of the spirit, a long standing platitude, which can be awakened to real life; the second that of serialising problems and of dealing first with the problems more immediately connected with a geographical area.

As regards the question of supremacy of the spirit, that phrase has so often been used that it has become practically hypocritical. It, nevertheless, holds a deep meaning on which our salvation in this world may very well depend. It has been shown again and again, for instance, that economic problems among nations cannot be solved unless financial problems are solved, and these, in turn, cannot be solved unless certain political principles are admitted. The help now given to the other Allied Nations by the United States, and the help to be continued after the war,

are cases in point. Such help is not based on either immediate economic or immediate financial principles. It may be said to be based on long-range principles of either kind, on plans for the future prosperity of the U.S.A. in fifty years or one hundred years. But their willingness to accept such long-range plan is a psychological factor; indeed, more than that, it is a spiritual factor since it is the willingness to put aside immediate personal interest for the sake of the well-being of generations unborn. Another spiritual factor, which must be accepted and which is coming into play now is a desire to help the world in general and not to concentrate exclusively on purely national interest. So, economic, financial and political problems, in the end, depend on psychological and spiritual factors; and no problems can be solved unless some spiritual problem behind them is solved first.

To take an even better example, the League of Nations may be considered to have failed because there was no spiritual unity behind it. The many nations who participated had really no single principle that they all held, and there was no basis from which to start a common action. Political arrangements among statesmen unavoidably collapse when they do not express a fairly clear desire among the masses of the people, hence the statement in II (4), of the Cultural Union's Declaration.

The failure of the League of Nations and what must be considered the failure of the 'Entente Cordiale' between France and England are due to these deep causes. France and England made arrangements which were full of goodwill between diplomats, statesmen, etc., and expressed them in innumerable declarations such as the English statement that *our Frontier is on the Rhine*, and so on. But, in point of fact, there was not a single general idea about the political situation that was held in common between the French and the English. The Entente existed on paper and in the speeches of politicians: it did not exist in the spirit of the people. Consequently, nothing was done, with the results that we know now.

It will be said that this is a long-range dream and that immediate 'practical' solutions are wanted, that these are only obtainable in the political field: that was also said twenty years ago. Twenty years is a sufficient time for a long-range dream to become practical, if the problem of educating both the peoples and the politicians is really tackled. We have had immediate political solutions for twenty years, and every one of them failed immediately because not one of them was ever based on any sort of reality, even when claimed to be sound financial, economic or political realism. They were, in fact, based on nothing except ignorance. Let us try, this time, to deal with some kind of reality, and the first kind to be dealt with is spiritual reality, that is to say, a knowledge of what the peoples really need and want (not always the same thing).

In order to reach some reality we have to put into practice our second principle, serialising difficulties, expressed in point 5 of paragraph II of the Declaration:

> 'problems vary in the various regions of the world and of Europe, and the proper method to be followed consists in studying in the first place the problems of each region—with the help of every person or organisation of good will in the whole world—then the questions which concern Europe as a whole, and then those that concern the World as a whole.'

What basis is there for a Cultural Union? To be frank, if we consider all the nations of the world, there is probably none at present. No common ideology for the whole world exists today.

Is there a common basis for Europe itself? Here again, we are obliged to say, No. It will be most certainly a great task of the near future to remedy this disastrous state of things and to create the possibility of a European Union. But if we wish really to create it, we must at least begin by realising that it does not exist now, otherwise our attempts will be sham and hypocrisy. We can see at least four zones that hold very little in common in the way of ideas or moral presuppositions. And this is not a matter of political alignment since our most efficient Allies, the Russians, are in a zone of their own, of which we know practically nothing. Then there is that unhappy zone from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and the Adriatic which is populated by Christian nations now in torment. We, in the West, know very little about them. Had we understood them there would be peace in Europe now.

A third zone about which, for the time being, the less said the better, is the German zone. And then we come to the Western zone of Europe, as defined in our first statement, about which we know something, and about which we can do something.

As stated in our Declaration, two kinds of problems must be faced in Western Europe: the problem of creating a unity which is possible in that large group, and the problem of giving every group within that unity their full and true

rights. Real unity can only be constituted if all the peoples are willing. And, are they? Here also we must learn to look at facts. The mere enumeration of the names of a few peoples is sufficient: the Alsatians, the Flemish, the Basques, the Catalans. Are these the names of peoples or the names of problems? Have they no bearing on the Spanish Civil War, which was the beginning of this war? Was not the state of unpreparedness of France and the Low Countries, north of the Maginot Line, the first cause of our military disaster? Why do those problems exist? Because, here again, questions have been allowed to pass on to the political plane when they should not. The practice of politics has been an invading cancer, and one of the urgent tasks of civilisation will be to remove many matters from the influence of politics. That is to say, from the influence of third-rate intrigue: Many problems are not political problems at all. An admirable example is that of the German people in the Sudeten mountains. Their problems were purely cultural, being concerned mainly with language and religion, and the Czechoslovak State had given them the fullest consideration. There was, therefore, no problem. But a cultural situation was made to become a political situation through the cowardice of the Western nations, and then the non-existent problem of the Sudeten Germans became the occasion of the European War. The disconcerting problem of Alsace is much of the same kind. Here also the Third Republic had given a magnificent example in breaking all its principles about being '*une et indivisible*' and giving a special cultural and religious régime to Alsace. None of the political solutions were feasible: give Alsace to Germany, make Alsace into a few '*départements*' of the French Republic, give Alsace autonomy; all three political solutions were equally impossible. But apply the cultural solution, give Alsace full autonomy within the linguistic and religious domain, and there is no Alsatian problem: the Alsatians are the best of Frenchmen. On similar lines the Basque problem or the Catalonian problem can be solved. Of course, each problem is unique and is to be dealt with in a special way, which we cannot describe here. But take the case of the Flemish. Cannot something for the good be made of the fact that the Municipality of Dunkirk is one of the most efficient and intelligent administrative units in the world and, culturally, very advanced; and that across the Belgian border are the Belgian Flemings, admirable people too in many ways, but also a source of problems, whereas the French Flemings are no problem at all; and further on, across the Dutch Borders are the Catholic Dutch who speak a language practically indistinguishable from that of the Belgian Flemings, also Catholics. Surely it is obvious that here, also, cultural solutions properly applied would prevent that problem from degenerating into a first-class political problem. The second problem which occurs here is that these questions, which so far have been treated nationally as being a matter between Flemish populations and the Belgian State, or Basque populations and Spanish State, etc., cannot be dealt with on those political terms. Surely, it is evident enough that only bitterness is being engendered and that the problems are getting worse and not better. If a sufficient body of enlightened opinion is formed in Western Europe to insist in all the countries concerned on an equitable solution of cultural problems, many political difficulties will be either attenuated or avoided. This will be a gain in the sense that it will be an avoidance of danger. But the mere avoidance of danger is no policy.

It is obvious that much spiritual wealth has been destroyed by the centralisation of the modern States. In the necessary re-Christianisation of Europe, where are the points where Christianity is still alive? In fact, among those peoples whom we have named, the Bretons, the Alsatians, the Flemings, the Basques, and so on. The present movement of our civilisation, from the peoples generally called *backward* because they are still solid, must be checked and indeed must be changed into a new movement for the spiritualisation of Western Europe. More light, more general education, must be brought to those parts, but in return they can be made into radiating centres of spiritual strength; even within the British Isles this can be applied to Wales and Scotland. In that way, there must be formed a spiritual unit embracing all the lands where the true worth of civilisation of today has its central home, where both Democracy and Christianity have their deepest roots.

Those lands of Western Europe have been welded together by history. So many spiritual influences felt in common have left many marks which vary according to the nations, and even to the individuals, but which nevertheless constitute a common wealth of tradition to which a fruitful appeal can be made.

Thus a first necessary step towards the United States of Europe and then of the world, let us hope, can be made.

HITLER'S ENEMY ALIENS

JAMES NORMAN

SOME weaknesses of Hitler's Third Reich are now becoming visible. They will turn out to be important contributory factors to Germany's eventual collapse. And Germany's greatest weakness is her lack of man-power.

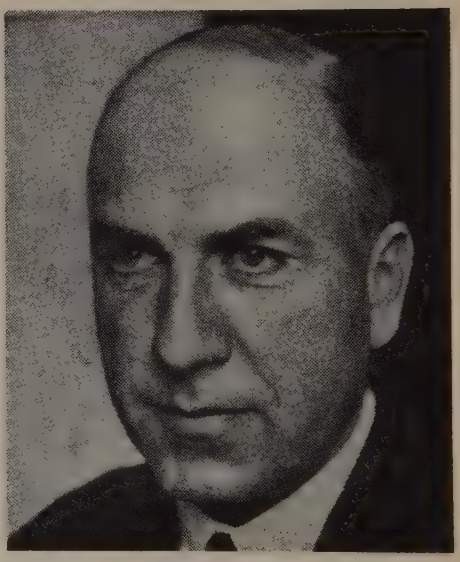
The man-power problem is not a new one for Germany. Indeed, it dates back to a period several years before the outbreak of this war. At that time it was solved, or at least kept within manageable limits, by a very simple remedy, namely, by increasing gradually the physical exertion and exploitation of every man and woman engaged in trade and industry.

The war has multiplied the demand for human labour and the need for an ever-growing industrial output. Yet, at the same time, it has withdrawn millions of workers from civilian occupations. Ever since the beginning of the Russian campaign the loss of German life has been a tremendous and an additional strain. German man-power shortage is now the deepest concern of the Nazi rulers.

The good old remedies of extending working hours and increasing the pace of work are no longer applicable. There are limits to a man's working capacity even under a Fascist dictatorship; and in all important industries of Germany, these limits have been reached a long time ago. There is no margin left. On the contrary, years of overwork and excessive strain are now causing production to *fall* in many important industries, notably in coal-mining and in the steel industry. The fact that the one is the cause of the other is now openly admitted and discussed in German newspapers and periodicals.

* * *

Two years ago, an already severe shortage of man-power could still be relieved effectively by the so-called system of the Dual-Purpose Army; that is to say, by withdrawing large numbers of men, both skilled and unskilled, from the armed forces and drafting them into war industries for limited periods of four to six months during the winter season. That is what happened during the winter months of 1939–40 and 1940–41. It was a gigantic scheme, executed most efficiently. It produced excellent results. But during the last winter season the whole system collapsed. Thanks to the Russians, Hitler's *Wehrmacht* had very definitely become a single-purpose Army. What is more, the Russian winter offensive of 1941 forced the German Government to call up even more industrial workers for military service. This year, needless to say, the German Government could not even contemplate demobilising a few thousand specially skilled men.



Chief Engineer Dr. Fritz Todt, appointed by Hitler General Commissioner for Roads

Thus other remedies had to be found. But what? Non-essential factories have been 'combed-out', time and again, by official 'combing-out commissions' — appropriately called '*Todes-Kommissionen*' ('death commissions') in current German slang, because these commissions had been initiated by Hitler's late Minister for Armaments, Dr. Todt.

There is very little now that can still be done in this field. No luxuries of any kind whatsoever are being produced (and the German interpretation for the term 'luxuries' covers a great many

things we would still call necessities). Whatever branch of 'non-essential' civilian industry may have managed to survive (until the war in the East began in earnest) has long been closed down, and the workers have been duly transferred to more immediate war occupations.

What other reservoirs of human labour could be tapped? The mobilisation of children for compulsory labour in agriculture—and in industry—has gone very far already. During the past summer trainloads full of school-children were leaving the great cities every week for land work in Western and Eastern Prussia. In May 1942 a new compulsory 'Youth Service' for the younger children was formed—modelled on the well-known Nazi 'Labour Service'. Within a few weeks of its existence it had already absorbed more than one million ten-year-olds. According to official German figures, the average (*sic!*) working week in agriculture rose to 81·5 hours a week. Holidays have virtually been abolished. Restrictions for passenger transport by rail, road or river are by now tantamount to a prohibition of all civilian travelling. By Government decree compulsory land-work was ordered for factory workers on holiday. What else can a Government do?

This list of examples is far from complete, but it may suffice. For every single item of this list is, by itself, fair evidence of Germany's desperate shortage of man-power, and without exception, all these measures are in the nature of emergency measures. Yet, none of them can possibly improve the position decisively, or even ease the strain.

* * *

There is, however, one more remedy which I have not mentioned: the use of foreign labour—'Hitler's enemy aliens'.

Between 5¼ and 6 million foreign workers, men and women of all European nations, are today working in German war industries and agriculture. Their number is still growing. A little less than one-third of them are former prisoners of war (mostly Frenchmen, Belgians and Poles), who were nominally released but are actually forced to stay and work in Germany. The remaining two-thirds of this huge twentieth-century slave army are made up of men and women from the occupied countries who have been compelled to go to Germany by the threat of starvation, by direct compulsion, or by any other means of compulsion that may have seemed most suitable to the German recruiting officers in conquered countries.

In August 1942, Sauckel, the man in charge of Germany's labour supply and distribution, issued a Special Decree which empowers German

Section of a labour battalion at work in early days of Nazidom

'Here only German children are permitted to play'

authorities in occupied countries to conscript foreign nationals. Conscription of labour—in its most brutal form—had, of course, long been in practice in Eastern countries. The Sauckel Decree was merely a piece of Nazi 'nerve war' intended to frighten and intimidate the workers of Western Europe. In France, potentially Germany's most important source of foreign labour, it failed to produce any effect. And, for purely political reasons, chiefly because of their fear to increase internal unrest and resistance, the German Government did not apply the Sauckel Decree in France until the occupation of Vichy France in November. That is all the more remarkable in view of the pathetic failure of all Nazi efforts to get large numbers of the skilled French workers to work in Germany.

A *special* group of foreign workers in Germany are, of course, the nationals of Axis countries and of allies of Germany, i.e. Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Slovaks, Bulgars, etc. These men are being shipped off to Germany in very much the same way as the unfortunate Hessian serfs and subjects of a bankrupt Grand Duke, who were sold for gold to serve as cannon fodder for King George III's generals in the War of American Independence. Of these unwilling allies of Greater Germany about half a million are now working in Hitler's factories side by side with Frenchmen, Poles, Russians and other Europeans. The Italians alone, thus transplanted against their will, number about 400,000.

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So, by now, roughly every fourth worker in Germany is a foreigner. Their distribution is fairly even in different regions of the Reich and in the various branches of industry, transport, trade and agriculture. The idea that these foreigners are used only for auxiliary work of secondary importance—while all key-jobs are reserved for German workmen—is entirely mistaken. Of nearly one million Poles, many are, of course, working on the land, but only because they happen to be peasants. Almost the same number of Poles who were taken from Polish towns and industrial areas are now working in the Saxon and Middle German textile, electric and chemical industries and in the coal mines of the Ruhr and Rhine district. Belgians (of whom there are about 200,000), Italians and Czechs are most conspicuous in the engineering trade and in all important armament factories. To what extent Germany is, in fact, depending on foreign workers may be shown by a few random examples. Large numbers of foreign workers are employed at the Krupp works in Essen, at Junkers, Zeiss, Siemens, A.E.G., Focke-Wulf, Heinkel and Daimler-Benz, etc.—in fact, in every important factory of Germany's war industry.

* * *

There is still very little understanding and appreciation of the tremendous importance of these facts. The point is: Germany cannot do without the help of foreign labour as long as the war lasts. Supposing all foreign workers were to leave the Reich tomorrow, the German Government would be faced with the choice of either releasing almost exactly 50 per cent of her soldiers, sailors and airmen for civilian duties, or else to cut the total production of food and arms by at least 25 to 30 per cent. In either case the effect would be fatal.

The German rulers are, of course, fully aware of these facts—though they are keeping very silent about it. They are especially aware of the political dangers involved. For Poles, Czechs, Dutchmen, Belgians and Frenchmen—coerced to produce food and arms for a hated enemy—are themselves becoming aware of their own importance. What is even more significant, many of them are in constant contact with those sections of the German people who are most inclined to turn defeatist—the peasants and the industrial proletariat. There are many known cases of good comradeship between German factory workers and their foreign colleagues on the basis of mutual dislike of the war, longing for peace, and a more or less vague and inarticulate anti-Fascism.

To the ruling Nazi Party such fraternisation is the most dreaded nightmare. Nazi home propaganda is still trying its damnedest to promulgate a general xenophobia with the appeal: 'The dirty foreigner eats your food.' The women, as one can well understand, are easily upset when they see perfectly healthy young foreign workers doing the jobs of their menfolk, while their boys and husbands are dying at the front.

But in the long run, the dislike of the alien may prove far less potent than the factors which make for a new kind of super-national feeling of solidarity of all common people against the prolonged horrors and privations of a war that cannot be won by Hitler. The Nazis feel distinctly uneasy about the whole position, even though mass-fraternisation, mass-sabotage and resistance are not yet a thing of the present. A special Nazi office has been created, bearing the pompous title 'Chief Office for the Racial Protection of the Nation' ('*Hauptstelle für völkische Schutzarbeit*'). This office is, needless to say, under the control of the SS—Black Guards. The director is one, SS Leader Weber. It was officially explained that this new department exists to counteract and combat 'false attitudes of the population towards foreign elements working in Germany.'

These facts require no comment. They speak for themselves. And it is time that we understood the message.

* * *

And here, in a nutshell, is the whole problem. Germany's need for a few skilled fitters and turners is greater than her fear of importing into German factories men who must be suspected of being carriers of the virile bacillus of anti-Fascism and Socialism.

A large part (and a very important part) of Europe's former Labour Movement—Socialists, Communists, Trade Unionists—is today inside Hitler-Germany. Among them are the most enlightened, the most progressive and the most courageous fighters against Fascism. They are, without a doubt, natural allies of the United Nations, and a political 'bridgehead' in the enemy's country.

(*This article was written in mid-November* 1942.)

'Shrug once and see'

'Do you want a mannequin for your austerity clothes?'
THE EVENING NEWS

SCIENCE FRONT

BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE

How to bring the dead back to life has always been a fascinating problem. The key to the final solution of the whole subject seems to be in the fact that, when one dies, in many cases one merely stops breathing and then loses consciousness from lack of oxygen. But the individual organs and tissues go on living for some time after this, and if breathing could be restarted quickly enough, by some artificial means, the recently dead person would wake up again, and be not so very much the worse for his experience. Breathing is kept going by a group of nerve cells in the brain, which periodically sends out messages to the respiratory muscles. This nerve centre is very sensitive to lack of oxygen, and to variations in the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood, and can be caused to stop or start by various drugs; if a patient in the operating-theatre stops breathing through an overdose of anæsthetic, in many cases he can be brought back to normal again by an injection of such drugs as Piciotoxin or Coramine.

Birnbaum and Thompson, of New York, have, however, just announced a new and more natural way, which, though so far only tried out on animals, gives promise of being of great medical use. They asphyxiate their animals by letting them breathe helium or nitrogen, and up to two minutes after all breathing has stopped and the circulation is failing rapidly they wait. Then they switch on a motor which alternately sucks and blows gas in and out of the lungs, first stretching and then collapsing them. Nerve messages pass up to the brain from the stretched lung tissue, and excite the breathing centre and the nerves controlling the circulation, which improves at once. Breathing then starts again, and continues for about three minutes more, even though no air is being admitted to the animal. If oxygen were supplied it would clearly recover altogether. The nerve impulses from the lungs are such a powerful exciting force compelling the recommencement of breathing and the heart beat, that the reflex carries all before it. It will be interesting to see how long the corresponding period of death will be in man, from which a recovery will be possible by this method. What we need now is a way of renewing the vigour of a failing heart and this is more complex, because death is more often a matter of the heart growing old and fibrous, and having an inadequate blood supply, than failure due to the brain. Perhaps some day someone will devise a marvellous operation to exchange old worn-out hearts for good ones obtained from motor-accident deaths, just as a store of eye tissue from the dead is kept in Moscow for grafting on new corneas in blind people.

PINS AND NEEDLES

Until fairly recently, the full explanation of the familiar stiffness one experiences after sitting for some while in one position has never been given. Thousands of people had had their 'foot fall asleep', and felt the pain and stiffness and temporary partial paralysis on getting up, but, as so often with the common everyday troubles, the medical explanation was not forthcoming. In the last ten or fifteen years, however, largely as the result of the work of Lewis and his collaborators at University College Hospital, London, a number of new ideas on the importance of the amount of blood reaching the tissues has spread through medicine. It has become clear that, to keep alive, every tissue needs a certain minimum amount of blood bringing oxygen, and an extra ration during periods of special activity; and that though, normally, blood vessels are large enough pipes to bring this, in various diseases or special conditions it is not so. The tissues are oxygen-starved, since the blood supply is now inadequate, and so they liberate substances into the blood which cause pain if they are allowed to collect, and are not washed away.

When your foot falls asleep, what has really been happening is that you have been squashing the artery which carries blood to the sciatic nerve, the main nerve to all the leg and foot, and which runs down the back of the thigh and in the buttock. Consequently, after a time, the relatively oxygen-starved nerve feels rather feeble, and when you try to get up, which means sending messages down the nerve to the leg muscles, it just refuses to transmit them until it has recovered; and it similarly refuses to pass messages from the leg up to the brain, with the single exception of pain messages, which are always hardiest, and the last to go. This explanation has only recently been realised, because, until recently, no one thought that the blood supply of nerves was of much importance.

Another example of inadequate blood supply is found in arteriosclerosis, the 'hardening of the arteries' of middle age. What really happens is that, for some unknown reason, the arteries, particularly those to the legs, become 'furred up': deposits are laid down on their lining, thus narrowing them gradually, until finally, although a blood stream is flowing into the legs, it is not big enough, and the legs, particularly the feet, become cold, swollen and painful, and in effect begin to die from lack of blood—a picture known as gangrene.

This principle of inadequate blood supply is finding wide application in all sorts of places. It has long been known that lack of blood to the heart muscle causes pain in the heart—angina pectoris—felt over the left shoulder and down the left arm. The poisoning that sometimes occurs during pregnancy may again be due to release of toxins from a dying placenta receiving an inadequate blood supply.

DARWIN TODAY

When Darwin first proposed his theory of evolution, many worthy people greeted the idea, not only with scepticism, but with real horror and repugnance. For one thing, they jumped to the conclusion that it meant that Man, 'the Lord of Creation', was descended from a mere monkey; whereas they should have put it the other way round, that man had *as*cended, not from one of the monkeys we know in the world today, but from some animal rather like them.

But there was a more ticklish point. Darwin suggested that evolution had gone on purely by natural processes. He supposed that hereditary variations are always occurring, and that those which happened to allow the animals possessing them to be more fertile would automatically be passed on to later generations and thus determine the character of evolution. There have always been people, and competent biologists at that, who wished to find something deeper than this automatic process behind the great pageant of life's progress. But, on the whole, they have been a diminishing band: more and more evidence has accumulated that it lies in the very nature of animals to evolve, and that no influence other than variations and natural selection are necessary to explain the process.

The modern views have recently been brought together in an outstanding book (*Evolution: The Modern Synthesis*) by Dr. Julian Huxley, the distinguished grandson of Darwin's great contemporary. The book is a result of his work while he was Secretary of the Zoo—and it is a matter for regret that that Institution has recently dispensed with his services in circumstances which suggest that they are not very impressed with such scientific work, however important.

Huxley shows in detail how, while retaining the essential basis of Darwinism, we have developed a much fuller understanding of the processes of evolution. The greatest single advance is that we now know a great deal about the nature of the hereditary variations among which natural selection operates. We know that the characteristics of an animal or plant are determined by small particles of matter, the 'genes', which are linked together, in ways not fully understood, into minute rods or lumps, called chromosomes, which lie in the innermost recesses of each cell, inside the nucleus.

We also know that each animal contains two of each kind of gene, but that often only one of these two comes to expression in the character of the animal when it grows up—the other remains hidden, or 'recessive', as biologists say. That simple fact has many far-reaching consequences. The most obvious is that one cannot hope to know what hereditary variations there are in a large group of animals merely by looking at them. There may be, and in fact there probably always are, many hidden recessive genes, some of which may become useful if conditions of life change, and then emerge and become the basis of a new step in evolution.

But the study of the mechanism of heredity is only one of the new advances. Mathematicians have also worked out, much more fully than Darwin did, the consequences of natural selection. The most important point they have discovered is that natural selection is very inefficient in a small group of animals. If, for instance, nearly all the flies on an island are killed off by cold in the winter, the few survivors will be those which happened to have crept into warmish holes or crevices; and they may have done so, not because they were any more fitted to survive, but purely by chance.

That brings us to the last, and perhaps most important, of Huxley's points. He argues that there *is* a general outline of evolution. It is not all mere kaleidoscopic change. In the history of life on earth, he says, animals have got 'better' in some real sense. They have acquired more power over their surroundings, more ability to perceive what their surroundings are like, and more freedom to be themselves.

EUGÈNE SUE'S MYSTERIES OF PARIS

REVIEWED BY THOMAS WALTON

who has made a special study of nineteenth-century Paris and has published many articles on the subject

EUGÈNE SUE
contemporary photograph of the author

On 19 June 1842, the first instalment of a new serial appeared in the *Journal des Débats*. Its author was the fashionable and outspoken M. Eugène Sue. Its title was provocative, disturbing even, to the imagination: *The Mysteries of Paris*, and the first instalment confirmed the threatening title. In fact, it started a sort of 'war of nerves' upon the readers of the *Débats*, the effects of which were to last long after the appearance of the final instalment, in October 1843.

It opened with a brawl in the Rue aux Fèves, a dark and windswept alley in that maze of criminal-infested slums which covered most of the Ile de la Cité round Notre Dame de Paris. What was most significant, perhaps, was the date: October 1838. The 'mysteries' of Paris, then, whatever they were, were something contemporary, something every reader could prove for himself if he had the courage to take Sue as a guide. He had been warned, too, by Sue's short Preface that he was to expect a tale of savagery which would surpass anything he had ever read in the popular Wild West yarns of Fenimore Cooper.

Sue's characters include a host of criminals with names as picturesque and terrifying as those of any Red Indians—Red Arm, The Slasher, The Schoolmaster, Screech-Owl, She-Wolf. They speak a special slang which necessitates the use of many explanatory notes, and their past and current crimes link them in the most startling manner with the most elevated ranks of the cosmopolitan society of Paris. In their company, disguised as an honest artisan, is often seen a German prince, Rodolphe de Gérolstein, followed, when not actually accompanied, by his faithful servant and bodyguard, Sir Walter Murph, a Yorkshire squire. His enemies in his own social sphere are a Scottish laird, Thomas Seyton, and his sister, the Countess Sarah Macgregor, who had loved Rodolphe and borne him a child. The child, when the story opens, is none other than the beautiful girl of the streets, *La Goualeuse*, known also as *Fleur de Marie* because of her virginal appearance. It is in her defence that Rodolphe enters the brawl in the Rue aux Fèves with which the *Mysteries* open. The complicated family relationships, the feuds, vendettas and abductions within and between these two extremes of society are, to speak simply, numerous and varied. As a museum of social horrors, the Mysteries of Paris were unequalled.

They created a major sensation, not only in Paris, but, according to another serial writer of the 1870's, Pierre Zaccone, throughout the whole of France. 'They were well calculated,' he said, 'to arouse the morbid curiosity of the public and plant apprehension in the most robust of minds.' So vivid were Sue's accounts of criminal life in the slums of the Cité that Parisians 'began to think that the three prisons of Brest, Rochefort and Toulon each had an outlet in the Capital, and one shuddered to think what loathsome contacts Parisian nights held in store for one.' The 'high life' settings produced their thrill almost as effectively as the criminals' haunts. Flaubert's small-town romantic heroine, Emma Bovary, like many of her spiritual counterparts in real life no doubt used to stimulate her escapist imagination by reading the descriptions of sumptuous mansions in the works of Eugène Sue. And Sue knew the mansions probably better than the thieves' kitchens, for he was a dandy, a rich young man about town.

But he dabbled in Socialism, the somewhat picturesque and romantic Socialism of Saint-

Simon and Fourier, and he let it be known that, to collect material for his vast serial, he had, like Prince Rodolphe, disguised himself as a workman and mingled with the criminals of the Cité. His *Mysteries of Paris* he intended to be a startling revelation, not of 'mysteries' in the present-day detective novel sense, but of the social inequality and injustice which are a mystery to those who do not probe through the surface of Society or venture beyond the limited circle of their bourgeois experience. He told of defenceless children made the slaves of professional beggars, of honest artisans starving, their children driven to madness and prostitution through the unscrupulousness of employers or through prolonged unemployment, for which no benefit society provided a palliative. He told how innocent people were convicted of crimes through the corruption of men of law, imprisoned indiscriminately with the most degraded, violent criminals, and themselves thrust into deeper degradation through the lack of sympathy and psychological insight on the part of the prison authorities. He described poor mad folks in public asylums being treated worse than animals for similar reasons. He revealed, at the other end of the social scale, among the upper classes, endless unhappiness caused by unsuitable marriages for which the law provided no means of dissolution. By his accounts of such misery, such injustice, such violent contrasts between poverty and wealth, honesty and crime, Sue alternately melted the hearts of his readers and caused them to beat faster with terror.

The success of the *Mysteries* was unprecedented. People fought for copies of the *Journal des Débats* on a serial day; subscribers loaned their copies to an endless chain of friends. Public reading-rooms were crowded out at all hours of the day and their proprietors did fantastic business, charging 50 centimes instead of the usual 10 for half-an-hour's read of the latest chapter of thrills and fascinating horror. Illiterate people used to meet in groups to have the latest instalment read to them. One critic even ventured to suggest that dying people postponed their departure from this life until the fate of all Sue's characters was settled! For Sue had the art of endowing his numerous creations with a life which appeared all the more intense for being revealed a little at a time, in carefully modulated instalments. So real was Prince Rodolphe to one man that when he was out of work he asked Sue for a letter of introduction to him, hoping the Prince would be able to find employment for him. So touching was the story of *Fleur de Marie* that at least one

'He took from the bed a large plaid shawl'
Frontispiece, Vol. II.

'At length alighted on her shoulder', p. 66. Vol. II.
Original etchings in the Annecy *edition of* The Works of Eugène Sue, *20 vols.*

'Was looking at herself in a mirror', p. 44, Vol. VI.

'They took her to their guilty haunts', p. 65, Vol. VI.
Original etchings in the Annecy *edition of* The Works of Eugène Sue. *20 vols.*

woman of the streets, herself an illegitimate child, wrote a pathetic and mis-spelt note to tell Sue how true to life his writing was. So vivid was the story of the She-Wolf that on the morning Sue's instalment told about her death, a well-known politician is said to have burst into his office and amazed his clerks by announcing in a voice trembling with emotion: 'The She-Wolf's dead!' So entertaining was Sue's account of the *concierge* at 17 Rue du Temple that 'Pipelet' has been the nickname of every Parisian *concierge* for the last hundred years.

The *Mysteries of Paris* became a craze. Public entertainers, the Bransby Williamses of the time, began to include thumbnail sketches of the principal characters in their repertoire of imitations. Dance tunes and popular songs were given alluring titles like *Ogress and Slasher Quadrilles* or *Romance de la Goualeuse*. Everything began to have its 'mystery'—'Mysteries of the Provinces' —of London—of Russia—of China. Sue's very title became a theme for subtle variations—'The True Mysteries of Paris', 'The Little Mysteries of Paris'—until at last, all other possibilities exhausted, the Théâtre des Variétés simply announced the presentation of *Un Mystère*. The dramatic version of the *Mysteries* themselves thrilled the public of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre by its realistic settings of the Rue aux Fèves and other landscapes of the Paris underworld. Meanwhile, streams of sightseers were pouring into the Ile de la Cité, anxious to drink at the counter of the *Lapin Blanc* or recognise the spot on which Rodolphe saved *Fleur de Marie* from her assailants.

For Sue's contribution to the legend of Paris was a story so contemporary as almost to give the impression of 'hot' news. Balzac's, and later Victor Hugo's, stories of Paris dealt with periods removed from contemporary life by some fifteen to thirty years, and were consequently accepted *ab initio* as realistic romance or epic history. It is now Sue who appears to be the most flamboyant romancer of the three, and his *Mysteries* are relegated to cheap and nasty editions for the use of kitchenmaids and plumbers' apprentices. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that no less an authority than Edgar Allan Poe admired the profound emotional quality of parts of Sue's social thriller. Without the *Mysteries*, it is true, the vast literature of romance which has grown up round Paris would have lacked a certain bitter piquancy, and without their stimulus the literature of the world might have been deprived of *Les Misérables*.

A POLISH ARTIST DRAWS THE RUSSIAN WAR

TOM HOPKINSON, Editor of *Picture Post*

EVERY nation has—like a war banner hanging in a chapel—the image or fantasy of itself at war; and, as soon as the nation goes to war, the image comes into its own and begins to play its part, not always to the national advantage. The national war-fantasy of France is the heaven-sent leader—the Joan of Arc, the Buonaparte, the Clemenceau—emerging from somewhere or from nowhere, and saving the country, even in the moment of disaster. That fantasy, the most dangerous of all, has betrayed France twice in the last hundred years.

We British have our fantasy, only a little less dangerous than the French, the fantasy of the thin red line, the happy few, the band of brothers, who contrive to turn the day at the last hour, and win the final battle; the few to whom so many owe so much.

The Germans have their fantasy as well—the fantasy of the invincible army—unbeatable, unbeaten. It serves them well up to the moment of defeat. It enables them, exulting in the army's triumph with a female pride, to bear everything for its sake—provided only it will go on being glorious. Then comes defeat and breaks the fantasy, and with it the nation breaks as well. But the fantasy is stronger than the nation. It rises up again, rewrites the history books, denounces its own past, and sets to work to live the tale once more, this time with universal, never-ending victory.

The Russians have their own fantasy of war. It is the most serviceable of all; the nation in arms. No looking for the divine leader; no waiting for the last battle to start fighting; no trusting all to the professionals. War is a matter of the nation's life. The whole nation rises up to meet the enemy—and not to fight battles with him, not to win triumphs or make a name to astonish future generations. The nation rises up for one purpose only—*to destroy the enemy*. They have come here to ravage our land. It is not enough that they go home defeated. They must never go home at all. 'The Germans,' says the Moscow radio, 'are digging themselves in on the Leningrad front. But we shall come after them and dig them out. Then we shall bury them properly.'

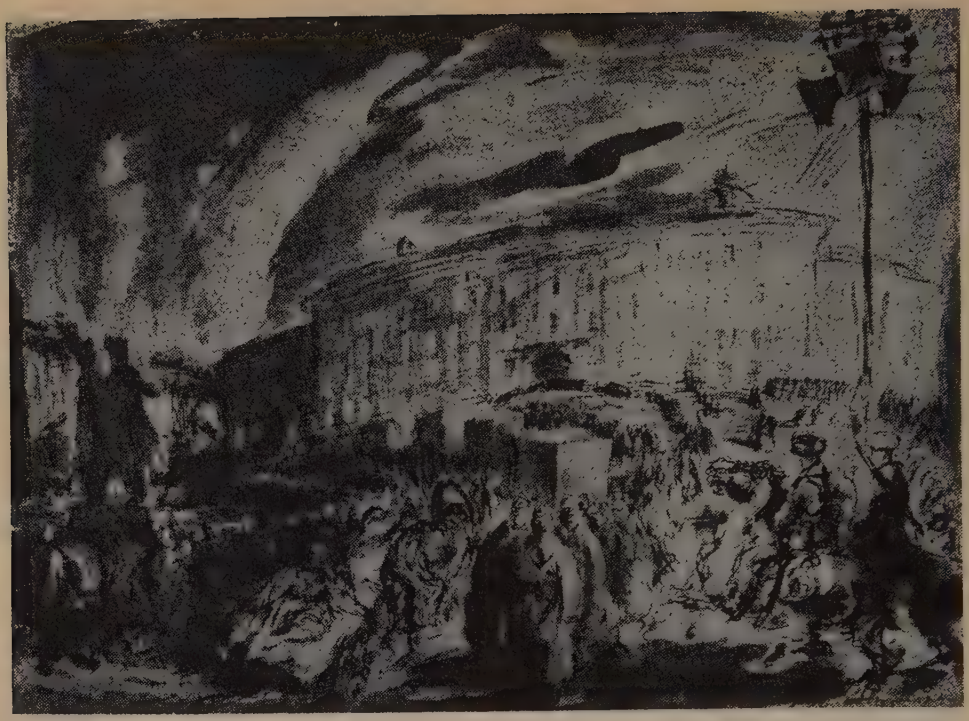
When Feliks Topolski told me, in the autumn of 1941, that he saw a chance of going to the Soviet Union with the Polish Military Mission and asked whether he could be sent as a war artist for *Picture Post*, there was in my mind only one reservation.

I have known and admired Topolski's work for years. Mastery over a great range of techniques; a delicacy of line and touch that hides a formidable statement; an eye acute as a headmaster's or a house detective's; wit that is almost too much of a good thing; these were the main impressions his drawings had made on me. He had added to these the impression of himself as a man who could get along with other men. Resilient, rather than tough; enjoying the good things of life, but able to survive without them; persistent where his work is concerned and able for its sake to swallow a rebuff; gifted in languages; lavishly endowed with health and humour—who could possibly be better fitted for the job?

With so much on his side, I had one hesitation. Could a talent which has been devoted so much to ridicule, which had fattened itself on Cowes and Ascot, exulted in the pose of a Guards Officer at Ranelagh, and browsed richly over the Carlton Club steps—could it cope with the breadth and weight of the modern struggle, the World War on its most massive front? A Constantin Guys robbed by the accident of time of his high-stepping bays and spindle-wheeled barouches—how would he manage in the fields of blood and snow?

The answer is in *Russia in War*.[1] These pages contain some magnificent drawings, among many that are brilliant and accomplished. Moreover, they convey the impression which all observers agree on as the right one, the impression of a nation at war—a nation whose heroes are the ordinary men and women whom chance calls on for heroic deeds, and the leaders those men

[1] Published by Methuen. 21s.



The railway station at Kuibyshev: Topolski's work at its sketchiest and most brilliant. In spite of its off-hand quality, the drawing has great depth and a masterly control of complicated movement

'Tatshanka'—a machine-gun mounted on a horse-drawn carriage: a mass of shadow in violent motion, and for a violent purpose. The essence of the military chariot from Boadicea onwards—in a few bold washes

'Trevoga'—air-raid warning: into the shelter rushes a crowd of peasants, like spirits into Hell, in a drawing by a great Italian master. They are shepherded by a vast Apostolic Red Army soldier, at once formidable and kindly

Note for a sketch—and even as much as this it was impossible for Topolski to draw on the spot. This note would itself be made from other much rougher notes on the corner of an envelope

through whom the ardour and determination of the whole people is expressed.

One thing there is not in Topolski's work. There is no frenzy, none of the mood of Goya in his drawings of the Spanish people's war against Napoleon; none of that pity overwhelmed with rage, which made Goya force his eyes to observe and his hands to set down the unbearable detail of outrage—and then to scrawl upon the finished drawing such words as 'It Really Happened', 'And this Happened Too', 'I Saw It With My Eyes'—as if signing the evidence that would be found around the necks of murderers, ravishers, and looters, upon some distant but inevitable Judgment Day.

Topolski, I think, saw no such things as Goya. That does not mean they did not happen, but if they did he was not there to see them. Misery and ruin he saw, but not stark horror, torture, violation. A less persistent man would have seen nothing. Plenty of able journalists, and others who made the long journey to Moscow, have come home with nothing to their credit. 'War-artist,' we say, and think of someone sitting at an easel or with a sketching-block in front of him, recording what takes his interest at a distance from the fight. Or, if he does go to the front, he has what are called 'facilities'. Wherever he goes, he is expected; and, wherever he can get, he is at least *permitted*.

In Russia Topolski was not permitted. A nation fighting for its life over a battle-front, not of a hundred-and-fifty miles but of fifteen hundred, in a war in which fifth-columnists have decided the fate of countries, has not much time to make 'facilities' available for artists and writers from outside. They are likely, if admitted at all into the country, to be kept where they can be watched, out of harm's way.

By patience, persistence, and through the underlying good-will of his hosts, Topolski went in the end where he most wanted to go—to the front, to Kuibyshev, to the Urals, as well as to see all that he meant to see in Moscow. But it was only rarely that he could take out a pencil and put down what was in front of him. Lucky if he could scrawl five lines on the back of an envelope in passing, he developed a shorthand of half-words from many languages, numerals, letters, fragments of drawing which later—perhaps in the bedroom of his hotel—he would piece together into rough sketches. Some he finished. Some he redrew as large compositions. Some he lost; and of many of his scribbles, no doubt, he forgot the meaning.

Working like this, it is a triumph that he should have produced so considerable a body of impressive work. He would certainly never have achieved so much, but for one other quality which Topolski possesses to a high degree.

Everyone who lives by watching other people, or, as many writers and journalists, by listening to them, must acquire the gift of moving about—not precisely without being seen—but without being observed.

This power, which no one quite without modesty can acquire, Topolski has, coupled with a kind of facial smoothness which one sees sometimes in actors, as if their face were a mask the owner can pinch into any shape he fancies. No one can look blanker than Topolski. He would make a first-class saboteur. Finding him with the bomb inside his handkerchief, you would doubt your own senses rather than his bewildered innocence.

One last word about the drawings. They need, above all things, to be looked at with intelligence. Almost too much intelligence has gone into making them. Towards his material Topolski is not tolerant. He often grows impatient with it. One of his theories is that there are certain clichés of war—clichés of reality as well as clichés in ministerial pronouncements. The mere fact that there is war, one can feel Topolski saying, seems to bring out these distressing apparitions all over the landscape—the soldier on the dejected horse, the woman clutching her baby to her breast, the old man watching the young go by, the fist shaken at the sky, the slumped indifference of the dead. When these come his way, and they are part of war, Topolski is sometimes unwilling to be bothered with them. A scribble in one corner: 'There, you know the kind of thing, a flight of crows—reminiscent of the Grande Armée—yes, they might just as well be bombers—well, perhaps they are.'

Topolski's drawings are not only the work of hand and eye. There is a mind behind them—discerning, critical, a little bored, inclining to the comic, distrusting pain; only occasionally awed by his material into a deep receptiveness; ridiculing attitudes, not cutting them. They ask from the one who looks at them a quickness of apprehension almost equal to the artist's. In short, it takes time and trouble to look at and appreciate Topolski's work. They took him some time and trouble to produce. To provide the subjects cost the Russians time and trouble, too.

SHORTER NOTICES

THIS EXPANDING WAR

By Liddell Hart. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

In this latest book of his, Captain Liddell Hart has had the courage to republish his newspaper articles for the year 1941 exactly as they were written. There are probably not many other military critics who would care to expose their contemporary diagnosis of the position after a year had passed. The contents of these articles, however, do not detract from Captain Liddell Hart's reputation as a scientific student of war. His recorded day-to-day judgment of the trend of events shows that he was well ahead of informed opinion at the time.

The tragedy is that he was quite evidently also ahead of those who were responsible for our war planning. This proves either that Liddell Hart is a more competent strategist than those who are in control, or else that our military leaders have been forced to subordinate a purely professional view to the political and emotional considerations that were thrust upon them. I haven't any doubt that the author would agree that the second assumption is the more likely of the two.

Many passages in the book recall instances of excessive optimism. And the optimism was official. It is idle blaming the public or the newspapers for overstating our chances in Greece and in Crete, or for the banner headlines concerning the early stages of the campaign in Libya last Christmas. The general tone was set elsewhere, and higher up.

I wonder if we have yet learned our lesson. Certainly public utterances are now rather more cautious than they were. But whether the Allied war machine has yet accommodated itself to the modern pace of battle is another story. Things move so fast that planning based on known weapons and known facts is not enough. It is not much good digesting the lessons of yesterday if a scientific enemy, entirely free of the trammels either of tradition or scruple, is planning the battle of tomorrow.

It is Liddell Hart's contention that 'all brains to the wheel should be the new order of our strategy.' It should be—but is it? Clemenceau once said that war was too serious a thing to be left to the soldiers. It is certainly more true today than ever that no war can be won without the fullest co-operation of the chemist, the research scientist and, for that matter, the psychologist. Some progress on these lines has been made after three years of war, but it can hardly be claimed that the best creative intelligence of this country, civilian or otherwise, has yet been harnessed to the central direction of the war.

MAJOR L. M. HASTINGS

BELGIUM UNVANQUISHED

By Roger Motz. *Lindsay Drummond.* 6s.

M. Motz is a member of the Belgian Parliament. With his fellow countrymen, during the first eight months of the 'phoney' war, he awaited 'the inevitable attack, without enthusiasm, but also without panic'; he saw his country overrun by the Nazis; with others of his country's leaders he came to England; since that time he has been 'in daily contact with his country' and has had access to official information. From all this material he has written a book that is at once moving and personal and has the ring of authenticity. His narrative gains tremendously through a simple, lucid style which tends to understatement rather than to extravagant hyperbole and the 'laying-on' of horrors.

All the torture and oppression that Belgium experienced in 1914–18 she has learned again. It was in the hope of avoiding such a repetition, stresses M. Motz, that the government adhered so strenuously to neutrality, and he supports the line of action taken by the much-misunderstood King Leopold, with whose attitude, he says, the Belgian people are in firm agreement.

After attempts in the early days of the occupation to win the people over to the 'New Order' by wiles, the Germans resorted to brute force. Both methods have failed. In spite of martyrs and oppression, Belgium carries on the fight against Nazism with courage and absolute faith in the ultimate overthrow of the invader.

M. Motz demonstrates how this resurgence of spirit is being extended in all sections of the community and how the tyrant is being fought in the Councils, the Church and in the underground free Press. *La Libre Belgique* cheerfully and impudently announces that it is published at German headquarters in Brussels and that its editor is Peter Pan—a jest typical of the humour of a brave and dauntless people. J. L. MURRAY

REFUGEE

By Two 'Aryan' Germans. Translated by Clara Leiser. *Rich & Cowan.* 12s. 6d.

Novels by German authors who have escaped from Germany are so closely allied to fact that this narration of plain fact reads like fiction. It has, moreover, all the suspense of cunningly contrived romance, though the dénouement is that rarity in modern fiction, a happy one. A complete family makes good its escape. Germany is the poorer, America the richer. 'Unfortunately it was a little foggy,' says Mother, 'but even so, we could see the Statue of Liberty. . . . Tears choked my throat.' And within a very short time Young Hopeful has learned to say 'Okay' and, in exchange, is teaching his new friends to play 'concentration camp'. They are all settling down happily, but there are shadows over America too. Clara Leiser refers to them when she asks: 'Will the land of their adoption yield to witch-hunting, disguised as Americanism, and so endanger the very stability and freedom that has attracted the oppressed and persecuted for centuries?' One of democracy's problems.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

NEW TOWNS AFTER THE WAR

By F. J. Osborn. Dent. 4s. 6d.

This is a revised edition of F. J. Osborn's enterprising and prophetic book first published in 1918. He again emphasises the necessity for building new towns and for the systematic extension of existing small ones. The decentralisation of large towns and the reasonable distribution of industry throughout the country is strongly advocated—most opportunely. Convincingly illustrated.

A. I. MORRISON

'Broaden your interests, make new friends, go out more often, let yourself go once in a while, cancel your subscription to Reader's Digest.'

NEW YORKER

RELIGION MADE EASY

By Wallace Beeny. *Rider.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Beeny is a courageous man. He has attempted to dispose of Christianity in a little over one hundred pages, and in thirty-eight pages offers his alternative called a 'Rational Ethic'. Many of his historical facts and arguments have been brought out and answered before. They are very nineteenth century! For instance, the great debate about the Resurrection simply cannot be dealt with in a page and a half even though it is supported by a quotation from Dr. Joad. On the other hand, Mr. Beeny has usefully assembled together all the well-known brick-bats which can be thrown at Christianity and the Church. Most of them are thrown about quite happily in Hyde Park.

I have tried hard to get enthusiastic about Mr. Beeny's 'Rational Ethic'. The trouble is that, in trying to carry out the Primary Virtues, I so often break down, and I find no word of comfort or help here. In fact, religion is *not* easy. This is a secret of the Christian religion which Mr. Beeny has missed, and it explains the hold which it has kept these two thousand years. It speaks to men as they are and not as they ought to be in some perfect State.

RELIGION AND LIFE

By the Archbishop of Canterbury and Others. *P. S. King & Staples.* 2s.

This little book grew out of a remarkable experience at St. Albans where the Protestant Christian churches combined in a united attempt to present the Christian religion to the city. Anyone who wants to know what Christianity has to say, briefly, about Sex and Society, the Home, Education, the Community, Commerce and Industry, the World of Nations, will find it here.

A German pastor who left Germany in April 1939 writes of the suffering the Church has endured in his country. He points to an experience which the whole Church may have to endure before the gift of new life again comes upon her. It is the universal note of this little book which gives it its place for thoughtful people. The Church is seen here to be a world fact in a new way. The one society which is facing persecution and tyranny with some measure of fortitude is the Church. It is a point to consider when the Church is criticised for its shortcomings. The two essays on Education are notable, too, for their clarity and realism.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

THE BORGIA POPE

By Orestes Ferrara. *Sheed & Ward.* 16s.

Books, like crimes, have their motives and sometimes these are equally hard to discover. There seems to be no discernible reason why at this stage of the proceedings Signor Ferrara, a distinguished Cuban lawyer-diplomat of Italian origin, should write a book on Alexander VI. The fact that he has done so with the exclusive object of a detailed apology makes the matter even more mysterious. He sets out to prove with great erudition and a wealth of unpublished material that the second Borgia Pope was the most-slandered and worst-treated historical figure of the Roman Catholic Church. He deals with the accusations of immorality before the Conclave elected Alexander Borgia to the Holy See; he almost succeeds in showing that Cesare and Lucrezia could not have been Alexander's children and that Vannozza and Giulia Farnese were only friends and not mistresses. He takes practically every assassination of which Alexander VI has been accused and dissects the evidence until it seems that none of these dukes, princes, cardinals and smaller fry have died through the Borgia poison. It is a magnificent *tour de force*, and in the end everything has been made credible and respectable. To Signor Ferrara, Alexander VI was the great hero of the Church and at the same time the great hero of Italy who fought foreign invaders with the weapons of diplomacy and destroyed the petty tyrants by the wrath of excommunication and the physical force of the papal armies. Yet I could not help feeling that the writing and publishing of this book, however praiseworthy, was a mistake. A little nepotism and a healthy appetite for the good things in life is all Signor Ferrara is conceding to Alexander VI. It would be a sad thing if it were true—for did not the Borgias represent the darkest red in the rich tapestry of the Renaissance? I could not help remembering Klabund's wonderful book on this remarkable family. I prefer my villains unproved by historical documentation to exemplary great men who seem insipid and remain unconvincing.

JAMES EASTWOOD

BELGIUM AND THE WAR

By G. N. Clark. *Oxford Pamphlets of World Affairs.* 4d.

Professor Clark describes the events directly leading up to the German Occupation of Belgium and the economy and politics of Belgium before May 1940.

'Put in something high-class, like "Ex Libris".' S.R.L.

ENGLISH WOMEN

By Edith Sitwell. *Collins.* 4s. 6d.

In a short but brilliant introductory essay to some nineteen studies of famous English women from Elizabeth Tudor to Virginia Woolf, Edith Sitwell pays tribute to the fine flowering of character which, she contends, in English women takes the place of the peculiar physical energy of their Latin sisters. In everyday life 'the English woman is a creature of a broad humanity, tolerant, and with a wide, calm patience and loyalty.' Among the women whom Miss Sitwell has chosen for her sketches are the first Duchess of Marlborough, Swift's 'Stella', Mrs. Siddons, Dorothy Wordsworth, Elizabeth Fry, Emily Brontë, Florence Nightingale and Gertrude Bell. With numerous fine illustrations, the book is an excellent addition to the publishers' 'Britain in Pictures' series.

LESLEY SAXBY

THE CONSTITUTION UNDER STRAIN

By A. Berriedale Keith. *Stevens & Sons.* 2s. 6d.

The aim of this book is to show the difficulties to which our constitution is subject in wartime.

In the opening chapters the author recalls the events, which—starting in early 1938, and reaching their peak at Munich—led to war. The constitution and reconstruction of the War Cabinet is discussed, together with such vexed questions as freedom of speech, the Budget, and Regulation 18B.

As one would expect, Professor Keith examines the subjects under review from the constitutional point of view. The book is saved from dullness by the author's dry humour.

F. WINSTANLEY-WOODCOCK

FRANCE STILL LIVES

By 'Michael'. *Lindsay Drummond.* 6s.

An account of French life under German rule based on the experiences of many Frenchmen who have either escaped to this country, or who have written to their compatriots here. Thus based on second and third-hand information, it has necessarily the character of an interim statement. But, generally speaking, it sounds convincing and deserves attention. Particularly interesting is the author's account of 'the Racket' of government and vested interests, which was the greatest single cause of France's collapse and her unhealthy, devitalised condition between the two wars. Interesting, too, and highly pertinent these days, is the account of the French people's resistance to the Germans. The author claims that 'in the midst of physical suffering, at the height of fanatical oppression and ruthless tyranny, France found her soul. At first almost timidly, then with assurance, and finally today with spirited defiance, she is purging her body of its twin ills.'

JAMES EASTWOOD

BRITAIN AND RUSSIA: THE FUTURE

National Peace Council. 1s. 3d.

Eminent authorities, including Lord Horder, Professor Laski, Mr. Herbert H. Elvin and Mr. Andrew Rothstein, contribute to this 'Peace Aims Pamphlet'. It reproduces addresses given at a Conference on the theme of 'Britain and Russia in the New World Order', held in London in April 1942. The religious question, cultural aspects, economic factors and political issues are dealt with in turn. An interesting speculation on future relations between this country and the U.S.S.R.

A. I. MORRISON

'If you giggle and say "Oooh! The bubbles get in my nose", I'll ram that glass down your throat!'

KING ALFONSO

By Robert Sencourt. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Considered as a panegyric, this book disarms criticism. The portrait of Alfonso as a conscientious ruler, a magnetic and agreeable person, a good sportsman, accords with the popular impression. But here is an attempt to paint a portrait against a background that is as important as the sitter. Spanish history, particularly recent history, is of more controversial content. In broadening the issue, moreover, the author has almost succeeded in narrowing the interest; he is at times not only biased, but dull. His story, strangely enough, lacks drama, and when the curtain falls it falls tamely on the bloodless rejection of a king who was not wanted—just that! However, as advocates of the Left have fished so industriously of late in Spanish waters, this book may well prove to many readers a welcome counterblast. The greater the pity that it should be at times so grandiloquent, at times so shrill. For example, discussing the king's marital relations: 'As the years passed, those who came into the circle of the Court began to doubt whether in the shrine of ardour the bridegroom still trimmed and lit the sacred lamp!' And did Canning really *shriek* his determination to call into existence a new world to redress the balance of the old?

P. MACER-WRIGHT

THAT BAD MAN

By Wickham Steed. *Macmillan.* 5s.

Described as a tale for the young of all ages, this book attempts to reduce Hitler and recent German history to simple terms. The story, the publishers tell us, was written for two boys, 'real boys'. And there is an undoubted need for objective accounts of recent history for the next generation. In style Mr. Steed has succeeded well enough: he has made his learning accessible to the young mind. Much of the substance is sound, too, but simplified versions of history should be read with reserve—a quality not characteristic of youngsters. A question too little asked in wartime is: 'How will the next generation emerge from this welter of war, propaganda and calculated physical and mental suffering?' Mr. Steed is quite logical. Apropos of Hitler, one boy says: 'I'm glad we bombed him. Come on, Simon, let's go and bomb him again!' Disturbing!

JAMES EASTWOOD

HOW THE RUSSIANS LIVE

By Wright Miller. *Socialist Propaganda Committee.* 6d.

A simple, objective description of life in the U.S.S.R., the standard of living, effects of the Five Year Plans, etc., including a budget showing that in 1939 one could get a year's university education for the price of a cheap watch!

FROM THIRTY YEARS WITH FREUD

By Theodor Reik. *International Psycho-Analytical Library.* 12s. 6d.

Deeply impressed by *The Interpretation of Dreams*, a young student made bold to call on its author. Now, after thirty years' close association, Theodor Reik gives glimpses of Freud as scientist, lecturer, critic and friend. First comes a disciple's tribute to his master and a perhaps over-sensitive *apologia* for such discipleship. The second section is an essay by Dr. Reik, embodying a lecture by Freud. The experience of a sceptical young doctor is the basis of this sample of analytical reasoning.

Four chapters deal with Freud as critic of our civilisation. He explicitly disowned Dr. Reik's pessimistic attitude. 'He shared the admirable prejudice about a more splendid future for mankind.' Finally come selections from brief essays sent each year as a birthday gift to Freud. They are interesting examples of the psycho-analytical approach, dealing with greetings, omission and distortion in speech, proverbs, Shakespeare's views on life and death, etc.

RETURN TO REASON

By Geoffrey Bourne. *Hutchinson.* 2s. 6d.

This forceful 'Essay in Political Diagnosis' stresses the need for scientific spirit and method in politics. Politicians, national and international, must receive adequate education and qualification. Democracy also needs an educated and enlightened public, less susceptible to the emotionalism of party and racial propaganda.

As a physician, Dr. Bourne illustrates the seat of intelligence in the higher centres, and of emotion in the lower centres, of the brain. Party strife would be largely outgrown in a scientific approach to problems and opportunities of social life—education, unemployment, etc. Wars and bad peaces also spring from irrational emotionalism. The essay is rich in pertinent references to recent history and political tendencies.

R. J. DOIDGE

REMEMBRANCE

By H. J. Massingham. *Batsford.* 10s. 6d.

As an addition to the forty or more books he has written or edited on the English countryside, H. J. Massingham has now written his autobiography—'a topographical record of the country of my own mind from early years to the present day.' It is not an account of great adventures, of world-shattering events, of gossip and anecdote; it is the story of a man's search for a true way of life and of his realisation that the country offered the only chance of finding it. As a son of H. W. Massingham, eminent editor of *The Nation*, it was not unexpected that H. J. should go from Oxford into journalism. He wrote for the *New Age*, the *Athenæum* and *The Nation*, working in London but living out of it as much as possible, an unsatisfactory procedure which, after a spell of work for Sir Elliot Smith, the anthropologist, he finally resolved by abandoning urban life altogether. Once settled in the country, he set himself really to understand it, and soon felt the urgent need to work for, as well as in, the countryside. Mr. Massingham is no dilettante writer on the country, and in this autobiography, as in his other books, he stresses the great need for a wise and progressive policy for the land. His final words are: 'I have come to perceive that the love and understanding of nature are the only practical means to living at all, and everything I have seen, thought and read confirms me.'

R. MILES

I WAS A HEAD-HUNTER

By Lewis V. Cummings. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

The author set out alone through Venezuela, and after weeks of endurance was rescued, in the last stages of fever, by a tribe of head-hunting Indians. He was accepted as a brother, went through the initiation ceremony, and married three girls on the same day. The Indians knew nothing of modern life—'they were unaware of even the principle of the wheel.' But their standard of living was high, their conception of friendship even higher. Apart from this, there is a charm and music in the telling very beguiling to stay-at-homes, and the ear of the war-weary reader is pleasantly lulled by descriptions of guavas and mombins, the cashew tree and golden-apple granadilla—even the *garapata* or tick! There is a glossary and detailed notes.

OLIVE JONES

Note.—In reply to queries by readers, the map in our Latin-American number (Nov.) was produced by Serial Maps, Letchworth Garden City. Copyright reserved.

POETS AT PLAY

By Cyril Alington, D.D. *Methuen.* 6s.

The Dean of Durham has made a selection of English humorous verse and accompanied it with a running commentary explaining the tricks of the trade. Seeking only to give the reader an 'excuse for smiling', he has allowed the poets to frolic without intruding unduly upon their fun. It is far from an exhaustive collection (the publishers do not, in fact, claim it as an anthology), but Dr. Alington has managed to include some of the lesser-known humorous verse as well as the more familiar efforts of Lewis Carroll, Lear, Barham, Hood, Calverley, etc. He is perhaps a little over-inclined towards verse with an academic flavour, but otherwise his selection is catholic enough and provides any number of excuses for smiling. LESLEY SAXBY

'I want something boring for a guest room.' S.R.L.

ONE MAN'S FURROW

By John Cameron Watson. *Hurst & Blackett.* 10s. 6d.

Life for Mr. Watson is a series of adventures in the style of schoolboy thrillers and penny dreadfuls. He has crammed into his autobiography all the delights of small boys, from riding bucking broncos in Argentina to hoboing his way round Canada and the United States. His ambition was to become a tough guy and leave his old school tie at home, see life and write about it 'like Jack London'. But even while he is adventuring he seems to have one eye on the clock and one on the mirror, carefully controlling his experiences to suit a recognised standard. Eventually he returns to England, marries and settles down as the local hero in a '"kidney cobbled" cottage by the stream' writing lumberjack stories of the Wild West for schoolboy magazines. Mr. Watson writes in breezy colloquial style. JOY SMITH

PARENTS REVOLT

By Richard and Kathleen Titmuss. *Secker & Warburg.* 3s. 6d.

With the ordinary reader in mind, the writers have shown the history and the problem of the falling birth-rate without over-indulgence in statistics and technicalities. Britain is at least 25 per cent below replacement level. Why this Parents' Revolt? This is diagnosed as a silent revolution against a competitive social and economic system, as an urge for new social values. The individual must come before money, and co-operation before self-seeking. The attempts of different countries to solve this problem convince the writers that the making of an economic atmosphere in which the population policy can succeed is in the hands of the common man. But he must cease being silent.

EVELINE DOIDGE

ARABIA AND THE ISLES

By Harold Ingrams. *John Murray.* 18s.

'Demobbed' from a line regiment in 1918, Harold Ingrams hunted around for a job. An advertisement seen by chance in his club led him to the Colonial Service, to Zanzibar, Pemba and Mauritius—the Isles of which he writes—and to Arabia. His Arabia is the Hadhramaut (now the Aden Protectorate, the south-western corner and fringe of the peninsula), and the greater portion of his book is a pleasantly discursive account of his official duties and journeyings in this picturesque and still remote country.

He tells how peace came to the Hadhramaut after the establishment of the Protectorate—a state of affairs never before known in a land of quarrels and blood feuds, internecine tribal warfare and perpetual raids. But he stresses the point that it has never been Colonial Office policy to make of the Hadhramaut anything but an Arab country. 'We do not set ourselves up as the rulers of the country but merely try to pass on to them any experience or knowledge we have which may be of value. . . . We who know it will hope that inwardly and spiritually the character of the Arab has not suffered by our presence.'

Arabia and the Isles is essentially a 'specialist book', but the general reader will find in its pages much of interest and entertainment—even if it be only in Mr. Ingram's vivid pen-pictures of Arab types, his descriptions of their warfare, their 'skyscraper' houses, their curious medical system and all their quaint and sometimes bizarre customs and beliefs. J. L. MURRAY

THE WAR MOVES EAST

By Strategicus. *Faber & Faber.* 10s. 6d.

The fourth volume of Strategicus' story of the war deals with the period from the fall of Smolensk to that of Singapore. The author has found this the most difficult period about which to write, and yet the most interesting—a period full of titanic battles. From the mass of official information—not by any means complete—he has succeeded in writing a coherent story of the military operations, at the same time offering answers to the majority of important questions arising out of this period of the war. When dealing with military matters the author's criticisms are well balanced. In political affairs his judgment is less sound.

'The human element, persistently ignored, remains the dominating factor.' And Nazi Germany's ignoring of the human factor will yet seal her fate on the Eastern front.

F. WINSTANLEY-WOODCOCK

I'VE LIVED ANOTHER YEAR

By Eric Baume. *Harrap.* 9s. 6d.

Another year of effort to give Australia an adequate account of the war has not improved this enthusiastic newspaper correspondent's opinion of Government departments, the B.B.C. and the M.O.I. Grounds still remain also for impatience with optimists, defeatists, Blimps and other dangerous, if unconscious, friends of Hitler. His opinion of our propaganda machine continues near zero. His general impression of morale on the Home Front is, however, gratifyingly high. This book is based on a survey that is too limited, and has been produced in an atmosphere too feverish to beget a reliable historical record, but in it and kindred contemporary documents the historian will find lively and informative glimpses of activity in various antechambers of the war effort, including the London end of an overseas news service, and the Savoy Grill.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

R.A.F. THE SECOND YEAR

A. & C. Black, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

The Air Ministry co-operated with the publishers in this successor to *The R.A.F. in Action.* Wing Commander W. T. S. Williams, D.S.C., writes a forthright factual preface to a collection of fine photographs telling the tale of the R.A.F. both at home and overseas during the second year of the war.

SINGAPORE AND AFTER

By Lord Strabolgi. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

The scope of this book is more extensive than the title might suggest. Besides a fairly concise and lucid account of all the actions and campaigns of the war in the Far East and Pacific, from Pearl Harbour to Java, it contains an instructive résumé of the growth of Japanese militarism and the various factors which have facilitated the fulfilment, so far, of Japan's dream of hegemony. Principal among the latter must be accounted the failure of the League of Nations, in 1933, to take strong action over the Japanese attacks on the Chinese of the preceding two years, particularly at Shanghai in 1932; the denunciation by Japan of the Washington Treaty in 1934, whereby the Treaty lapsed on 31 December 1936; the growing Isolationism of the United States in the later thirties; and, of course, the general military unpreparedness of British, American and Dutch possessions.

Some of Lord Strabolgi's opinions may not be generally acceptable. One cannot agree, for instance, that the loss of Singapore was principally due to the ineptitude of our Intelligence, the futility of the Colonial Office, Mr. Ramsay McDonald's preoccupation with the nomination of Bishops and Deans or Mr. Churchill's passive defensiveness, as is implied.

As has been said, the accounts of the actual fighting, on land and sea, are good. The extent and detail of Japanese preparedness for attack, and our apparent lack of any, make the story of the heroic fighting of our troops, British, Indian and Dominion, bitter reading.

The book is profusely but rather purposelessly illustrated, and has half-a-dozen small and inadequate maps.

E. J. HOUGHTON

'Doesn't it make you proud knowing that Junior is in there—somewhere?' NEW YORKER

THE CONFESSION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

By L. P. Jacks. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Dr. Jacks looks back over his eighty and more years, and sees in the events of his life the shaping hand of providence. Hard and unfortunate happenings which seemed crushing at the time, he now sees, in the wider perspective of age, to have been for the best. He calls his book a *Confession*. It is a good title. It is a frank and manly account of a long and a full life, told in a clear and interesting style.

Dr. Jacks' first job was schoolmastering. In his spare time he took a degree at London University, and then went to Manchester College, an undenominational college for ministers, of which he was later to become Principal. He worked as a minister in London, in Liverpool, and in Birmingham, where Joseph Chamberlain was a supporter of his church. He was often at Chamberlain's home at Highbury. 'On one occasion he showed me round his famous orchid houses. Pausing before an orchid of great beauty, he pointed out the astonishing arrangement Nature had made for the fertilisation of its flowers. "And the scientific people tell me," said he in conclusion, "that it has all come about by chance. Rubbish!" Which is precisely what it will always be to the Common Man.'

Perhaps Dr. Jacks' widest influence has been exercised through *The Hibbert Journal*, of which he has been editor since its foundation in 1902. One is glad to find Dr. Jacks declaring that in considering articles for publication he gives preference to those which are clearly expressed. Is it necessary that articles on religious and philosophical subjects should be written in language that is unintelligible? O. R. CLARKE

ALL-IN FIGHTING

By Capt. W. E. Fairbairn. *Faber & Faber.* 4s. 6d.

The author spent over thirty years in the Shanghai Municipal Police as Assistant Commissioner and Chief Instructor in Civil Defence. The result, as demonstrated in this book, is not for the squeamish. But 'if you are inclined,' says the author, 'to think these methods are "not cricket", remember that Hitler does not play this game.' How to knock out your opponent with a matchbox or stun him by boxing his ears, how to knife him or break his back—if it comes to invasion we may all be glad to know these things. The illustrations may not be pretty, but they are very graphic.

WALKING MIRACLE

By Alan Dick. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Alan Dick brought back from the Spanish Civil War some disillusion and the germs of tuberculosis. He was so tired that the diagnosis of his illness was a relief. This book describes how the disease was arrested, and how life, which had become a burden, was suddenly renewed. It is not well written, but its easy style is well suited to descriptions of sanatorium life, and the reader lives with him through his slow progress. His first walk is an event: 'Circumstances forced me to find in half a mile all the adventure of a ten-mile walk.' The book ends with his return to health and Fleet Street. The story of successful surgery makes cheerful reading in a world which sometimes seems incapable of cure.

RACHEL CLARE

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE JEWISH QUESTION

By J. Rennap. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 2s. 6d.

Although there is little fresh in Mr. Rennap's book, it is useful in its clear statement of the Jewish case and of the political dangers of anti-Semitism. In less than 120 pages the author traces Jewry's historical background, covers Zionism and Nationalism, the Jew's place in the Socialist State, and the menace of the creed of anti-Semitism as it exists even today in the Western democracies. Showing that 'socialism has solved the Jewish problem in the U.S.S.R.', he draws the conclusion that it will 'also solve that problem in other lands when the people come to power.'

THE BOMB SHIP

By 'Sinbad'. *Robert Hale.* 7s. 6d.

Schoolboy-thriller secret-service stuff in the East Indies. The decent chaps (tough American skipper, paunchy Dutchmen, aided by a dusky charmer and the inevitable slim-hipped, fair-haired English Miss) outwit the enemy cads (German staff officer disguised as entomologist, procureuse wife, unidentified Latin and unidentifiable horde of Japs) sink half the German Navy, save the Naval Base at Singapore for the A.B.C.D. front, and hoist the Axis engineers with their own petard—the Bomb Ship itself, an ancient liner stuffed from stem to stern with a super-super (but otherwise unspecified) explosive. The spy mixture as before with jungle variations. Even the Fourth Form is likely to scoff.

J. L. MURRAY

'I didn't finish it. The moment Scotland Yard stepped in I knew it was all over.' S.R.L

MODERN READING NUMBER FIVE

Edited by Reginald Moore. *Staples.* 2s. 6d.

The new number of this now firmly established avantgardist favourite comes with the usual attractive format. Apart from Gerald Kersh, L. A. G. Strong and Neil Bell, most of the contributors belong to the youngest, freshest generation, and the three 'old-timers' supply some excellent material. Hubert Nicholson's 'Gunman', Jack Aistrop's 'Sweet Chariot' and J. Wood Palmer's 'A Song Unsung' stand out from a volume which has a uniformly high level. So does Ida Procter's 'The Tree that Loved a Man', and Maurice Fridberg's 'Over the Shops'. Tom Harrisson contributes a very funny study in W.A.A.F. psychology, and there is an inspiring foreword by the editor. It is good to know that experimental and young literature is carrying on under the shadow of the war.

PAUL TABORI

CRITICAL THOUGHTS IN CRITICAL DAYS

By F. L. Lucas. P.E.N. Book. *Allen & Unwin.* 2s.

A Cambridge don, harnessed to the war machine, makes a nostalgic survey of his beloved, but temporarily forsaken, classics. He turns for a moment 'from the Science of the present and the red wreck it has made of the world to the Art of the past and the wisdom of the dead.' What he discovers is that if there is anything in common between these dead writers, it is 'that great writing comes from *une âme bien née*, whether it be Homer or Herodotus, Horace or Tacitus, Chaucer or Shakespeare, Montaigne or Ronsard.' This is a little book of scholarly charm and serenity, and one from which others whose shelves have been put out of bounds may snatch a blissful, if momentary, reverie.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

THE THEORY OF MONEY

By Dr. F. Henry. *P. S. King & Co.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Henry has given a sub-title to his book—'It is a fine day today.' He might with more reason have borrowed *Through the Looking Glass* from Lewis Carroll. Few subjects have lent themselves to such muddled thought as the questions of money and monetary policy, and Dr. Henry has set himself the unenviable task of defending 'classical money' theory against the many 'new theories of bank money'. He must feel rather like Canute, for he is battling valiantly against the tide of progress in understanding of monetary policy.

He only succeeds in demonstrating the absurdity, in terms of real things, of the classical theory of money. The whole book regards the supply of money as the 'natural' guide to all production. The fact that money is an artificial man-made creation, invented to facilitate the exchange of real wealth—i.e. goods and services—is nowhere recognised.

One is driven to the conclusion that if Dr. Henry's book were the last word on the subject of money and monetary policy, the sooner we dispense with a money system and institute some method of distribution capable of dealing with real facts, the better for the future of the people of the world.

Fortunately for the future of the *human* race Lord Keynes' dictum: 'It is a question of materials and man-power, not of finance', is more generally accepted today.

Dr. Henry's book is worth reading if only because it demonstrates beyond any doubt how fantastic in the light of present knowledge is the classical view of money.

E. A. HOLLOWAY

'Remember "The Count of Monte Cristo"?' S.R.L.

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

WILL New York become Paris of United States? City on down grade industrially, for much of America's creative industry now lies outside it. Primarily commercial centre and producer of light consumers' goods. City's industries not adaptable for war purposes, its share of orders from Washington being 198 dollars *per capita* of population, compared with 2,750 dollars for Detroit, an average of 480 dollars for the country. Garment industry economists anticipate shortage of supplies, and future clothes rationing will bring unemployment to at least 30 per cent of 300,000 garment makers, while advertisement curtailment and paper conservation will seriously affect employment in printing industry.

Mayor La Guardia, forecasting cold winter, urges New Yorkers pray there be no snow because of difficulties of clearing it away.

For first time in history hundreds of Aleutians were shipped in toward mainland to spare them being tortured and enslaved by invading Nipponese—'undersized, sawed-off Indians with slant eyes', their intimate knowledge of rocky treeless Aleutian Isles and adjacent mist-laden waters of great value. Evacuees at first not enthusiastic about their surroundings—'too many trees, no room to walk about.'

War Production Board's chairman Nelson says time has come to speed simplification civilian clothing order. Army officials considering there's nothing cosier and warmer than few sheets paper between man and great outdoors requested sample paper suit to serve as windbreak for troops in cold climes.

Military authorities Washington State refused townspeople's request snap on bright lights for tracing wild beasts which come into towns from woods during blackouts. Front gardens extremely popular with deer. One man met bear in front local hospital. Skunk slipped through theatre back door, caused consternation.

Hunters from Westchester, New York and Long Island gathered for opening of Westchester County deer season to take advantage of special legislation permitting killing of deer with bow and arrow. Few huntsmen saw any deer. One in Northcastle got shot at big buck, but when about release arrow plastic bow came pieces in his hand. Two fatalities among deer—these killed by automobiles.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York
Exclusive cable to *World Review*

LATEST FROM TURKEY

ANGLO-TURKISH relations never better. Whilst Turks share ideals of democratic front, their attitude is inevitably tempered by friendship pact with Germany and by respect for German military genius. Until recently there also existed deep-rooted distrust of Russian intentions towards the Straits. By immense sacrifices nation today possesses one of best-trained armies of world and is calm before President Inonu's recent warning 'today Turkey stands nearer the war than she has ever done.' Recent events have cleared up any lingering doubts as to whence attack might come. Russia is no longer considered threat to Turkey and historical national distrust has been largely swept away in admiration of Russia's crippling of greatest war machine, whilst suggestion Allies represent danger to Turkey is universally ridiculed.

Authoritative circles discountenance rumours that German and Bulgarian Balkan concentrations threaten Turkey. No signs of Axis taking Balkan measures other than precautionary ones to repel possible Allied landings Greece and islands. Bulgaria's maximum army is half a million, which at present largely dispersed in Macedonia, Greece, Serbia, Croatia, Albania, Yugoslavia. Moreover, Germano-Bulgar concentrations between Dedeagach and Salonika and in Greek islands, especially Thassos and Crete, known to consist primarily of Luftwaffe auxiliaries and technical units insufficient to represent threat to Turkish coast. No dangerous concentrations at present exist Bulgaria.

President Inonu and Prime Minister Saradjoglu, realising Turkey's greatest danger presented by disloyalty, decreed recently applied restrictions and precautionary measures which have already in past few weeks greatly ameliorated situation despite fact crisis had reached serious stage. New Minister of Interior, Rejep Peker, enjoys reputation of drastic and immediate decisions and his nomination represents warning to Fifth Columnists and dubiously flirtatious politicians.

Danger of inflation—currency standing pre-war four hundred millions recently reached seven hundred million liras—now been countered by taxation of unhealthy profits.

JACK MACKINTOSH, Istanbul
Exclusive Cable to *World Review*

CROSS-SECTION

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

BRITAIN AT WAR

Fair Play for Small Shopkeepers

A COUPLE of months ago we referred to the third Report of the Retail Trade Committee, presided over by Mr. Craig Henderson, K.C. That Report proposed a compulsory levy on retail traders continuing in business, for the benefit of retailers who voluntarily gave up business during the war. Upon this we observed that the proposal, by reducing competition, would strengthen the position of large stores and multiple shops as against the individual trader—a very undesirable result; and we added that there was much to be said for the compulsory concentration or closing of some of the large stores and branches of multiple shops, which would not only strengthen the economic position of the individual trader but would release premises which could readily be made available for factory or other essential work. In a letter which we printed, the Kensington Chamber of Commerce set out, very succinctly, several cogent reasons why the individual trader should be encouraged, rather than discouraged, if he continues trading in these difficult times. The Retail Trade Committee's proposals were received in the Commons with much adverse criticism—though the 'Brains Trust' apparently favour the disappearance of the small shop—and the President of the Board of Trade announced, in the House of Commons on 13 October, that the Government had decided, not only to adopt its recommendation as to a compulsory levy on traders continuing in business, but to take 'positive action to assure to the small retailer his fair share of the available supplies'. This is to be done by giving to each a percentage of his pre-war supplies; the scheme will need careful working out, since movements of the population, owing to the war, will have to be taken into account, but, as Sam Weller said, 'hurrah for the principle'. We note with particular satisfaction that our suggestion with regard to large shops and branches of multiple shops is to be given effect; Mr. Dalton said that 'increasing Government demands for storage and office accommodation must be met, and we must look to the larger shops to yield up substantial amounts of space.' In the district with which our Kensington correspondents are chiefly interested, there are, as all the world knows, three very large stores adjoining each other and attracting to themselves daily thousands of shoppers, some from long distances. In these times it is important, as Mr. Dalton said, that, to economise transport, 'people should shop near home, and avoid, as far as possible, expeditions to the larger shops in neighbouring towns or districts.' The Government is to be congratulated on its decision.

The Law Journal

Vital Fertilizer Wasted

VERY large sums of money are spent yearly in the urban areas of England in getting rid separately of two obnoxious waste products, namely, household refuse and sewage, without in most cases getting any return for the money. By mixing them together and passing them through a series of simple processes, not only is nuisance and expense avoided, but also a fertilizer is produced which is vitally needed by agriculture and for which a price can be obtained that should more than repay the cost of its production. The Maidenhead composting works give evidence that there is no serious difficulty in preparing the fertilizer, and it may be anticipated that in future many other towns will appreciate the simplicity and feasibility of the process. In particular it is reasonable to hope that those seaside towns which now turn crude sewage into the sea, fouling the foreshore and making bathing unpleasant and even dangerous to health, will introduce settlement, combined with composting of their refuse, and at the same time make use of the fertilizing value of seaweed. At the present time the need for such a fertilizer is urgent.

Nature

Quill Pen to Return?

MANY discarded implements are being brought back into use as a result of war conditions, and among them there seems to be a likelihood of the old goose quill becoming popular again. In the old days (and this is not going back more than to the beginning of the present century) members of the Bar upon entering Court always found a clean new quill pen and a sheet of blotting paper—often some good notepaper—awaiting each comer. Solicitors also, in Courts where they shared audience, found the same provision for their convenience. Judges on the Bench were frequently depicted by artistic briefless juniors as pointing quill pens towards advocates at the Bar or at prisoners in the dock to emphasise their observations. Alas—all this has gone, and the familiar squeak of the quill is no longer heard in our courts of justice. But 'tis said there are exceptions. There are yet a few old-fashioned country Courts where the stock of goose-quills still holds out despite the onrush of the fountain pen—that mass-producer of bad penmanship. Whether the shortage of steel, which has already made havoc with the safety-razor supplies, will take us back before the 'emergency period' is over to goose-quills as well as to the old 'cut-throats', remains to be seen. Anyway, the old quill was a very convenient and pleasant writing implement, adaptable to any hand; and it has given us many landmarks of purest English literature untouched by any typed-out dictaphone productions of the present day.

The Law Journal

Reductio ad Absurdum

WHAT is the strangest article you have been asked for?

In my own experience of over fifty years in the men's wear trade, up to last week I held that the most ridiculous thing I'd been asked for was by a woman for one pair of St. George armlets with the inside tape to match a gentleman's shirt.

That was beaten last week by an army captain who asked for a pair of tan cape gloves to match the shade of brown on his cap-strap.

Men's Wear

Great Saying of the Month

Corsetry is NOT a Dead-End Occupation.

The Corsetry and Underwear Journal

IN NAZI EUROPE

Vanity

QUISLING'S party has instructed its local branches to form 'storm troopers' to 'liquidate' all members of the Opposition in the event of an Allied landing. Norwegian circles believe that the 'black lists' recently drawn up by the quislings are meant not only to provide the Germans with names of potential hostages, but also to help the 'storm troopers' to choose their full number of victims.

Curiously enough, the 'black lists' do not comprise more than one per cent of the population. The reason is that Quisling has repeatedly boasted that not more than one per cent of the Norwegians are against him. His vanity may thus save the lives of thousands of loyal Norwegians.

Courage

A SECRET illegal newspaper is being circulated in Denmark, called *Frit Danmark*, and is like the newspaper that is printed in London, says the Swedish paper *Göteborgs Handelsoch Sjöfartstidning*. It gives much important information, and strengthens the opposition against attempts at infiltration. Prominent men support the newspaper, which is sure to prove itself useful. When the authorities obtain copies, they mistakenly call it Communist.

One risks two years' imprisonment for distributing it, and a young student was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Free Denmark

A Big Laugh!

THE *Evening Standard* recently printed the following:

'The destruction and damage of rolling stock by the R.A.F. sweeps has compelled Germany to produce a new type of locomotive built entirely of tin alloy. Berlin radio has stated that this locomotive is quicker to build, uses less raw material, and has stood up well to a severe 3,000 mile test journey across Germany and occupied territory. It is said to be capable of pulling nine railway trucks made of the same light tin alloy. The locomotive is now to be mass produced.'

Developments of such a nature are so far removed from probabilities that we feel the caption to this paragraph is fully justified.

Metal Bulletin

New Postal Service

THE German authorities are establishing their own postal service in Norway. All correspondence between the German authorities and citizens in Norway, and the Norwegian departments, will be handled by this service. In future, letters must be fetched, as delivery is no longer possible.

Svenska Dagbladet, Stockholm

'And so we bring to a close another round-table forum . . .'

NEW YORKER

Food—Norway

BREAD, one of the few commodities still unrationed in Nazi Norway, is particularly today the mainstay of the Norwegian table. Incredible as it may seem, the present bread is made of wood-pulp mixed with a tiny amount of other flour. Now the Nazi authorities are experimenting with the production of bread from ground peat. They declare—and it is credible—that the bread made with peat is better than the existing bread. This peat meal has been used for a long time in the manufacture of sausages. It is quite impossible to buy proper flour.

Food—Danzig

WHEN the examination of bread began in Danzig, many people asked what would be done about sausages. Since then sausages have been controlled by a special commission consisting of two members each of the Butchers' Association, the police, the veterinary profession and representatives of the Danzig women. The results were very interesting.

Food—France

A SHORT time ago, an old carriage stopped in front of a café, on the outskirts of Clermont-Ferrand. Two groomsmen, dressed in their best, with black ties, got out, found a table, and ordered drinks. They staggered a little, and appeared to have punctuated their journey with frequent halts in numerous cafés in the neighbourhood. They offered drinks all round, not neglecting to include in their invitation a couple of gendarmes who were passing by. One of the gendarmes accepted, on condition that he was joined by the bride. One of the groomsmen assured him that the bride was very shy, and completely forgetting that he was dealing with 'the law', he allowed the most interested of the two gendarmes to peep into the carriage. The latter saw a confused mass of petticoats and veils which intrigued him so much that he investigated further—only to discover that the bridal robes adorned a pig, which had been bought at a neighbouring farm.

The 'bride' is to go to the poor in Clermont, but the imprudent groomsmen finished their too thoroughly celebrated 'wedding' in prison.

Paris-Soir

A RECKLESS man who made himself a sort of coffee with plum and apricot kernels, was poisoned by the drink and died in Paris.

Radio Lyons

Food—Hungary

TODAY the town is dead after the shops have been closed. Newspapers with evening editions have had to shift back their time of appearance; the women in the kiosks will save a great deal on heating during the winter, and who knows whether the corn cob ovens one stumbles into at every street corner will change their business over to hot chestnuts altogether. Budapest, as befits the emergency situation, is getting down to it, and in the evenings goes to bed or to friends. There they content themselves with listening to the wireless or other inexpensive pleasures such as cigarettes, which are unrationed, a black coffee, or one of those marvellous liqueurs, which are quickly beginning to get beyond reach of the ordinary mortal's pocket.

In other ways too the smart town of Budapest is beginning to feel a breath of the war.

Neues Wiener Tagblatt

DOLCIAN

Shoes for Men

Officers' 3-eyelette tie shoe in Brown Gorse Calf.

There is a

DOLCIS

Shoe Store in every large Town

Thomas, Detroit News

Does a Girl Warworker Outrank a Boy Scout?

Culture

THE President of the new German-Finnish Society, Hanns Johst, one of the chief Nazi authors in Germany, is best known by the remark: '*When I hear the word culture I reach for my revolver.*' *Ny Dag*, Stockholm

Most Unsporting!

A SERIOUS conflict has occurred between the sports leader Charles Hoff and the wrestling leader Arthur Nord. Nord has repeatedly tried to resign, but is not allowed to do so until he finds a satisfactory successor. Nord has been threatened with imprisonment for sabotaging sports if he holds to his resignation. *Social Demokraten*, Stockholm

We Have Been Warned!

IT must be realised that the idea of a European Order is not an artificial creation of the German mind. It is a necessity. It is a sound idea, based on reality. I most ardently hope that it will be brought into being with England's help. If England is not interested, it will come into being without her, that is, eventually, against her. May we be spared that misfortune!

Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs in *Message*

A simple and natural way to combat INDIGESTION ★

YOU CAN provide the right conditions for your digestion to restore itself to natural health if you give it a chance to rest by following this simple, sensible rule: Avoid a full meal when you are tired or worried or feel digestive discomfort. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's Food. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides warmth and nourishment which you need in a form you can fully absorb without the least discomfort or digestive strain.

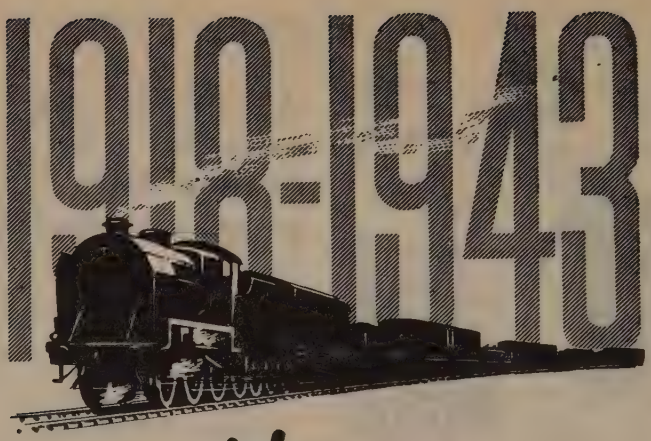
Why BENGER'S ***is so good for you***

You could live on Benger's

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially predigest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all good chemists and grocers—The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire



Always

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

IN the long armistice which followed the "cease fire" in 1918, British Railways instituted developments and improvements which could not have been more wisely planned had they known beyond doubt that hostilities would be resumed in 1939.

Many millions of money were expended on widening tracks, improving signalling, removing bottlenecks and in a hundred and one other ways which gave the public the fine trains and high speeds prevailing before the war. The railways carried through these improvements during a period of acute depression when they were suffering grave loss year after year. Their courage and foresight have stood the Nation in good stead—for these years of intensive development have made it possible now for British Railways to carry smoothly and efficiently the vast burden of additional freight and passenger services so vital to the war effort.

BRITISH **RAILWAYS**

GWR • LMS LNER • SR

Carrying the War Load

COMMONWEALTH

New Colonial Policy

THE appointment of unofficial members of the Executive Councils in Nigeria and the Gold Coast (to be followed, I assume, by similar appointments in Sierra Leone and The Gambia) is just another indication of the new Colonial policy which is being shaped by the pressure of war. Only the blind can fail to see the approaching changes. Of course, there will be mistakes and misfits, but, broadly speaking, British Colonial policy is going to change more radically in the next ten years than in the whole of the past forty years. *W. African Review*

Nurserymen

WE are not Bakers or General Dealers, or Pig Farmers, who carry on amateur Nursery work, we are professional Nurserymen who employ Horticultural, B.Sc., M.Sc., qualified tree Experts, and pay high prices for their par-excellent service, with which we not only make up their salaries, but give us an excellent profit to remain in the Nursery business permanently, and so continue to serve the progressive Farmers, by whom the highest quality only are required. We supply Government School Farms, Municipalities, who possess the service of shrewd businessmen. We do not bud on Fordii stalk, to create dwarf trees, our Florida Cluster are prolific giant growers, and heavy bearers.

Advt. in *The Farmer*, Pietermaritzburg

'Mr. Stanley Unwin, I Presume'

'I AM told that in Nyasaland young Africans pick themselves European names and are very fond of publishers' catalogues as sources . . . one announced that his name was Harrap, another that his was Stanley Unwin, but a third declared his name was Oxford University Press.' DOUGLAS WOODRUFF: 'Talking at Random', *Tablet*

Natal Error

THE Natal *Boerenvriend* takes the prize for this misprint. A paragraph appeared to the effect that a woman at Knysna had given birth to 'vijf olifanten' (five elephants). Of course it should have been 'vijf olijfplanten' (five olive branches). *South Africa*

Alcoholism Stellenboschedl

WINE is the most precious of agrarian products of our country. When one drinks wine, one does not help to encourage alcoholism; on the contrary, one fights and devitalises it. Wine is the blood of a nation; the defender of the great and basic interests of our country. To make it better known is the symbol of the highest patriotism.

Wine and Spirit, Stellenbosch

Man and WAAAF

'AS a registrar of marriages, Mr. H. R. Grove, Victorian Assistant Government Statist, has officiated at many wartime ceremonies, including two WAAAF marriages.

To the first groom and WAAAF bride, Mr. Grove said: 'I now pronounce you man and WAAAF.'

Salt, Australia

Vision

'A MAN wants to see you, Mother,' shouted little Johnny from the door.

'Ask who he is,' said his mother.

Johnny returned to the kitchen awe-stricken.

'He's just like a man, Mother,' he whispered, 'but he says he's an insanitary spectre.'

The British Australian and New Zealander

'Oh, dear, are we still under the influence of Guatemala?' NEW YORKER

U.S.A. Women are Short and Stocky

THE conclusions of a Government campaign in the U.S.A., whereby some 14,698 women were measured by 494 W.P.A. workers over a period of two years, were announced recently. The purpose of the investigation was to help the garment industry to set up a rational system of sizes for women's clothing. It was revealed that the average U.S.A. woman is short (5 ft. 3 in. tall) and stocky (133 lb.). Each woman was measured fifty-eight ways. Some measurements such as the 'sitting spread' were simple. Others demanded much calculation. The determination of waist level taken at the lower edge of the lowest rib presented difficulties in the case of women with excessive fat pads. Other interesting points show that women with large busts tend to have large hips; short women have about the same average bust sizes as tall women, and small-busted women average nearly the same in height as big-busted women. Age seems to be reflected in the decline in the height of the bust and height of the abdominal extension. Women in employment are smaller for their height than leisured women. Income, too, has distinct effects on size and weight, the working women being for the most part heavier, and the wealthier women taller. *The Corsetry and Underwear Journal*

Uplift

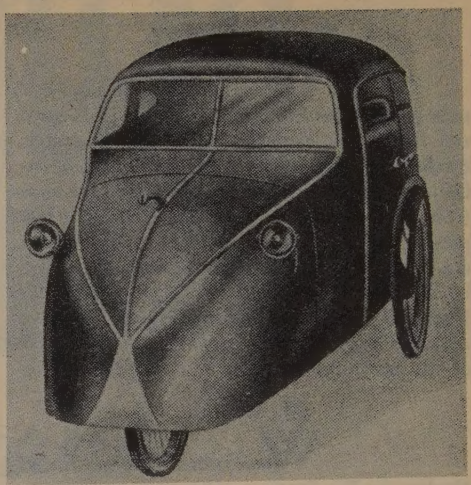
EVEN today it is possible to be fitted so perfectly that a woman can lift herself up out of her corset, move her body around and drop back into it, without moving the corset in the slightest. *Boston Teachers' News Letter*

Goes Like One o'Clock

A SPECIAL table for members who have after-lunch engagements has solved the problem of early departures from luncheons of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Rotary Club. Guests seated at the 'One o'Clock Table' are excused before the speaker of the day is introduced, which prevents confusion during the speech. *The Rotarian*

Wanted

A PETER PAN with a Phi Beta key to correspond with a bright college lass with a never-never complex and an interest in literature—her own and others. Box 92-G.
Advt. in *Saturday Review of Literature*



'Cyclobile', invented by Mr. B. B. Hacche of Gisborne, New Zealand. Driver and passenger sit in bucket seats. Either, or both, can pedal. It is described as 'light, streamlined and surprisingly easy to manœuvre'. If introduced in London would reduce frenzied cries for taxis which are making hideous the metropolitan night

COTY

PERFUMES & BEAUTY COSMETICS

Coty, for thirty-three years the world's greatest creators of the finest Perfumes and Beauty Cosmetics, are even now planning "After the War" resumption of Coty's complete Beauty Service. Until Victory is won production of Coty Creations is greatly reduced. Not so the quality, which is unimpaired. Please use sparingly: Coty Creations are now more precious than ever before.

Coty

The Creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styx, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

Jap Fails to Lose Face

FRED T. KOREMATSU, Oakland, California, Japanese who said he had his face altered by surgery in the hope he might pass as a Spaniard, was convicted in Federal Court of illegally entering a military zone.

In a statement, Mr. Korematsu said most of his friends were Caucasians and he wanted to earn enough money to take his Italian fiancée to the Midwest, where he thought no one would recognise him as Japanese.

'I guess the face-lifting job was no good,' Mr. Korematsu told the court. 'When I was taken to the Tanforan Assembly Centre, everybody recognised me.'

Christian Science Monitor

Proverbs of Old Japan

'DECEIVE, but don't insult, the rich and powerful.'

'The reputation of a thousand years may be determined by the conduct of one hour.'

'The cleverest of lies only lasts a week.'

'When man takes fire into his bosom, he provokes his own calamity.'

'Better do one act quickly than talk about a hundred for a day.'

'If you have to kill a snake, kill at once and for all.'

'A man learns little from victory—much from defeat.'

DEATHS, BIRTHS, Etc.

Death in Africa

IT is regrettable to relate that Mr. J. U. U. Aka, a popular photographer here, after the death of his wife, Ma Nko Johnson, on March 15th, was again thrown into deep mourning on the 8th July, 1942, by the death of his only brother Samuel Udo Udo Aka. The poor boy was quite hale and hearty the day previous, but had very slight pains in the waist and head very late in the evening. In the morning, before leaving for court business, Mr. J. U. U. Aka had to give Samuel a purge powder, after which the rest of the family scattered to their different duties; only to come back and find the poor boy in full sail to the other world. Every effort to revive him proved abortive. The corpse was laid to rest amidst great wailings.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

In Scotland

M.S.

DONALD ROBERTSON,

Born 1 January 1785, died 4 June 1848

Aged 63.

He was a peaceable, quiet man, and, to all appearances, a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tullock of Clothoster, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts by which he was killed in the space of five hours after taking a dose of it.

On a tombstone in Stennis Cemetery, Shetland

In Germany

TO show how an obituary should be written, the *Schwarze Korps* quotes from the testament of the S.S. man Heinz H., who was killed in the East: 'I desire that in the announcement of my death no mention should be made of any sacred counsel, of God, of sorrow and deep mourning or of similar things. I wish the announcement to be signed: For Germany's victory we are ready to give our all. In proud mourning . . .'

Birth

A SOUTH AFRICAN farmer was being congratulated on the birth of his seventh child. 'You see,' he said, grinning ruefully, 'while I was busy keeping the wolf from the door, the stork crept down the chimney!'

South African
Merino Breeders' Journal

Final Notice

AMONG Arab tribes the old law prevails—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. A woman's lapse from virtue means death. If she is a wife, her husband hands her back to her family, who do the rest.

Salt, Australia

The Wright Soap for the family ration

Because of its well-known constituent—Liquor Carbonis Detergens — Wright's has been recommended by doctors for over 75 years as the finest family toilet soap, invigorating to the skin tissues, discouraging to stray infections

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

1 Tablet — 1 Coupon
7½d. per tablet (Purchase Tax included)

BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER!

Take up now this ideal winter night's work. For 20 years Mr. Frank Potter, Principal of the London College of Authorship, has trained average men and women to earn spare-time incomes of £10 a week upward by his Personal Postal Tuition in Article and Story Writing. Why not YOU?

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FALSE TEETH

Are you denture-conscious?

Provided a dental plate fits properly, the wearer should not be reminded of its presence in the mouth. To make false teeth fit firmly and comfortably sprinkle KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE on the contact surface of the plate. Also do not neglect regular cleaning—keep your denture in hygienic condition by brushing after meals with KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER*.

From all Chemists:
Fixative 1/3d. and 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Get Gibbs

SHAVING STICKS

Next time you need a Shaving Stick — just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

Prices from **7½d** to **1/3d** *including Purchase Tax*

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